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THE NATION

DECEMBER 5, 1966 *35 cents*

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PREVENTING THE PEACE

REPORT FROM AN INTERMEDIARY

PHILIPPE DEVILLERS

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LETTERS

Reston as censor

Paris, France

DEAR SIRS: Your editorial on Herbert Matthews ["The Penance of Matthews," Oct. 31] brings to mind a revelation on a singular Congressmen-newsman relationship.

At a Congressional hearing in the aftermath of the Cuban missile crisis, James Reston coolly told a House subcommittee investigating news management that he had known of U-2 spy flights for years before Gary Powers was caught, but the news was not printed because it might have damaged U.S. security.

Sitting in a front row, collecting research for a master's thesis, I had an unobstructed view of a Congressman on the subcommittee start bolt upright in his chair, his face expressing incredulity and surprise, look around at serious, silent colleagues, and then assume similar expression at Reston's continuing testimony.

More shocking to me than the fact of an unpublished story was James Reston's complete righteousness in telling of it, and the obeisance given him by Congressmen, motivated not to question this *New York Times* "Duke."

Harold Barnstein

white Australia

East Lansing, Mich.

DEAR SIRS: I want to contest Hugh Weston's statement ["Letter from Australia," *The Nation*, Nov. 14] that all polls and surveys indicate that "white Australia is favored by the overwhelming majority." The following are Gallup poll percentages:

Year	Keep Asians Out	Let Them in	No Opinion
1954	61	31	8
1956	51	42	7
1957	55	36	9
1958	45	44	11
1959	34	55	11
1960	33	59	8
1961	39	51	10

(The 1961 poll mentioned Africans as well; for "Asians," 57 per cent favored change.)

It should be noted that 1957 and 1961 were recession years, when there were fears of unemployment. I do not have figures for later than 1961; but advocates of immigration reform have been able to use the fact that the percentage favoring a change steadily increased until in 1964 (the last poll I saw before leaving Australia), more than 75 per cent favored a change. . . .

It might be mentioned that when the Labor Party modified its hitherto very conservative attitude last year, it was praised by almost every major newspaper.

Allan Oaten

left thumb sketch

Amherst, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: Frank Donner's review of my "very important" book, *The Communist Controversy in Washington* [*The Nation*, Oct. 24], reminded me of the artist before his easel, arm outstretched and eye squinting, thumb rising from a clenched fist as though measuring the proportions of the studio figure in the background. And on the canvas, we can see that what he is actually painting is a portrait of his left thumb. . . . What I object to is the reviewer's pretense that his left thumb is my text.

His conclusion is that my book is an "elaborate apology for the Congressional witch hunt, the prime tool

(*Continued on page 612*)

EDITORIALS

The Moral Question

Time was when one of the uniformed or civilian heads of the military establishment, if he chose to honor an educational institution with a personal appearance, could be assured of a courteous reception. A general's stars, or the equivalent rank in mufti, strike awe into the hearts of most civilians. There has been no radical change in this respect among most members of the faculties and student bodies at practically all universities. A minority of the teachers and students, however, are so vehemently opposed to the Vietnamese War that they no longer abide by the rules of decorum. This may well mark a permanent change in the academic atmosphere, for even a minority may have a decisive effect on manners in a segment of society.

The change is not necessarily a substitution of violence, physical or symbolic, for discussion. A year or so ago red paint was thrown at Gen. Maxwell Taylor at a California junior college, but this incident was exceptional. More typical was the demonstration against Secretary McNamara at Harvard, and against Gen. Earle G. Wheeler at Brown. Such "noise" as occurs at confrontations of this type is between students opposed to the speaker and those who support him. The former no longer feel the obligation to be polite to the university's guest. One of their purposes is to embarrass him, if possible. Another is to get publicity for their cause.

Discourtesy gets the headlines; but the reporters and headline writers lose sight of the substance. The demonstrating students are concerned with the immorality of the war; the official who comes to present the Administration's case is concerned with effective prosecution of the war. This requires not only troops and weapons but a measure of approval among the people. The Administration spokesman comes with that objective; his opponents try to balk him and to bring their side of the controversy to public attention.

At Brown they tried to read a statement to General Wheeler. "We are here," the manifesto began, "as representatives of the protests that will follow you and other government officials anywhere in the world you choose to go." At Harvard they asked Secretary McNamara how many civilian casualties U.S. troops had caused in Vietnam. McNamara said he didn't know. An anguished howl went up: "Don't you care?" Maybe he does, but his concern has a low priority and, as a practical matter, does not affect his decisions. What he deeply cares about is (1) winning the war, (2) minimizing U.S. casualties, (3) minimizing casualties among the South Vietnamese military.

Tempers rise in discussion when one side feels it is not getting a fair hearing, and that is obviously the situation of students and others opposed to the Vietnamese War. Automatically, the media are on the side of the war-making establishment. They may give space and time to the opposition when Senator Fulbright, for instance, conducts an investigation but, day in, day out, the publicity pictures a just war and persuades the public to support it. Tempers rise also when one side feels that the other is misstating or distorting the facts. McNamara did that when he sug-

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gested that we should tax ourselves more in order to support both Great Society programs *and* the war. Assuming that we have the means to support both, as a practical politician he must know that we will do nothing of the sort. Given the pickup of Republican seats in the House, does he really believe that the upcoming Congress will appropriate more money for welfare? The striking irrelevance of McNamara's remarks on this topic would try the most angelic temper—and young adults are not angels.

This is only one facet of the unreality of much of American politics. When the central issue in an election campaign goes undebated and undiscussed, when most candidates avoid taking a stand on it and appeal to the voters on local issues and political stereotypes, the minority with discerning minds and generous emotions will take out their frustrations on any Administration official who comes within reach. The shouting and shoving that occasionally result may be unfortunate, even embarrassing, to administrators and officials, but it is to be preferred to the silence of the unconcerned.

Reuther's Chance

Not a few AFL-CIO leaders, men not normally given to overstatement, regard the election as a "catastrophe" for organized labor. The movement lost some forty friendly House members, and most of the governors it backed. The anti-labor radical Right has gained strength.

In the face of these untoward developments, George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, keeps a stiff upper lip. He is gratified by the way in which the Committee on Political Education got out the vote: all we have to find out, he says, is why the vote went the wrong way. Mr. Meany is not likely to ask whether the miscarriage had anything to do with his own leadership and policies.

On November 14, the AFL-CIO executive council, which eats out of Meany's hand, reindorsed its past foreign policy decisions. Asked at a news conference whether this meant that no mistakes whatsoever had been made, Mr. Meany snapped "Yep." After a review of nineteen major areas on which the council had taken policy stands: "No, we can't find any mistakes," Mr. Meany said, displaying an immobility to be matched, perhaps, only by Dean Rusk when he submits to the inquiries of the press.

Walter P. Reuther, president of the 1.5-million-member United Automobile Workers, absented himself from the council meeting at which Mr. Meany received such a gratifying vote of confidence. Mr. Reuther's differences with Mr. Meany and with Meany's ideological mentor, Jay Lovestone, are well known. Last June, Reuther characterized an executive council statement on Vietnam as "intemperate, hysterical, jingoistic and unworthy of a free labor movement." The council cried that "disruption by even a well-meaning minority can only pollute and poison the bloodstream of our democracy."

What, then, must Meany think of the resolution adopted at the November 17 meeting of an organization representing 250 union leaders in New York and New Jersey, roundly criticizing the AFL-CIO executive council for its support of Administration policy in Vietnam and calling for an immediate de-escalation of the war? The position of this

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group is that of the Trade Union Division of SANE, a position which is necessarily anathema to the Meany-Lovestone concept of foreign policy.

It cannot be said that Reuther himself emerged from the election unscathed. Had he attended the council meeting, Meany would no doubt have thrown up to him the loss of five Michigan House seats and the defeat of Senatorial candidate G. Mennen Williams. These setbacks probably had nothing to do with Reuther's stand on Vietnam, to which only the most rapacious hawks could take exception. The results, however, are symptomatic of an underlying weakness in Reuther's current position, not only on foreign policy but on domestic issues as well. The issues now emerging are not amenable to mildly liberal slogans and prescriptions.

It may be that Reuther finds himself today in some such position as that of Sidney Hillman in the thirties. He may be compelled not only to adopt increasingly explicit positions on crucial issues but to take these issues directly to the rank and file of American labor. If so, he must be prepared to trade immediate losses for future gains. But Hillman was likewise prepared, and so was John L. Lewis.

The Real Danger

The world is understandably nervous about Germany, and Germany is nervous about itself. Thirty years is not long enough to exorcise the memory of a great nation surrendering itself to a homicidal demagogue and a party that, true to the implications of its policies, plunged the world into the bloodiest war in history. The success of the National Democratic Party in the elections in Hesse and Bavaria raises the question whether this malignancy may not recur.

Some of the outward signs give reason for concern: drumbeating, sensational posters, demonstrations, the same old breastbeating about the "Fatherland," the same strident appeals to atavistic emotions. But amid these signs and portents the real danger has been overlaid by speculation as to whether the NPD is made up of "new" Nazis or old ones, and whether they will form the nucleus of another catastrophic explosion of fanaticism.

The real danger has been discerned clearly by Theo Sommer in *Die Zeit*. He notes that the pillars of the state will not crumble unless they are brittle inside. If the pillars are sound, the emergence of such a faction as the NPD is not crucial. As *Die Zeit* puts it:

> Where distinct leadership is lacking, where one affair after another produces ill feeling, where the state is not able any more to manifest itself, there faith in the state will wane, there the people are forced to search for alternatives. . . . If there is any reason to be alarmed today, it is less because of the gain in NPD votes than because of the weakness of the classical center. The decisive question is not: how strong is the NPD? The question is: are the parties of the Bundestag strong enough to cope with this new structure on the fringe of the party system?

In the light of this analysis, how will Bonn react? Will it attempt to suppress NPD activities? Will it try to abrogate proportional representation? Such measures would amount to treating the symptoms, while leaving the underlying pathology untouched. The Nazis are not here again; what may remind us of the Weimar Republic is the decay of the Center, not the strength of the extremes or, as is now the case, the one extreme that is left after the purge of the Communists and the "bourgeoisization" of the Socialists.

The need, then, is to concentrate attention on the Center, on its ineptitude, its confusion, its immobility, and not to overplay the significance of the vote in Hesse and Bavaria.

Paradise Reagan-ed

To understand the election of Ronald Reagan as governor of California, it is important to grasp the idea of that state as "paradise." The Eden image has led millions to move there; from the Okie migrations of the thirties to the present the state has swarmed with newcomers.

California has given us the first auto-dominated city, Los Angeles; and even within the "old and settled" city of San Francisco people move around as though in a frenzy. All this movement to California and within it suggests that Californians are strongly motivated to escape—from the cold blasts of the Midwest or the problems of the South, or lack of opportunity, or whatever.

Thus, when an election came up during a time of rapid social change and increasing problems, the people of California fled reality. Instead, they indulged in a ritual cleansing, and brought in a totally inexperienced man who campaigned *on the basis* of being a political innocent. Brown, who campaigned on his experience, was fated to emphasize the very thing that people held against him: he reminded them that they were human, that they were part of society and had responsibilities. But now all is simple and wonderful in a land where "thinking makes it so." There is no need for government and, led by an innocent, the Californians can look forward to eternities of joy, while the rest of America, in the land of Nod (East of Eden) must continue to struggle and sweat.

What Nature Abhors

Marshall McLuhan, the media guru from Toronto, is presently touring the States, speaking before college audiences and businessmen's luncheons, and the press is following him with an avidity that recalls the royal visitation some years ago of Queen Marie of Rumania. Reporters have ever been partial to public figures who deliver remarks designed to make readers sputter over their morning coffee; Queen Marie had a native talent for such utterances and Dr. McLuhan has made a profession of it.

His great insight into the nature of our age is that reality resides solely in the media of communication—the media constitute the message. Thus recently he has been complaining because people persist in assuming that what he says is intended to mean something. It is the fact of his speaking that is significant, and the purpose of his words is not to convey ideas but to encourage people to think—rather as an electric current encourages a frog to jump.

McLuhan is a smiling sort of man who clearly enjoys being thought outrageous. It is not an unusual type—every large dinner party is apt to include one such, and you're

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lucky not to sit next to him. What is remarkable in McLuhan's case is that he can command national coverage for such a statement as that color TV will be more involving than black and white because the cone of the eye receives color, while black and white comes in only at the edges. However, it is on a par with the fact that $100,000 can be raised to put on in the biggest armory in New York a week of electronic happenings in which tremendous technological resources are employed to produce effects so insignificant that the viewer is not certain whether or not they have occurred, or with the fact that the pathetic Dr. Timothy Leary can fill a large theatre to preach the religion of LSD. We survived the era of the Big Lie only to enter the age of the Big Hoax. Dr. McLuhan's current tour is sponsored by the Container Corporation of America, a company interested in selling the box, not the contents.

A Touch of Realism

The image of the Teamsters' union as a roughneck, antisocial outfit is cherished by people who have no use for unions in general. Not a few of these would-be union busters live and vote in Southern California. For the most part their ideas are fixed, but some may have their minds changed by the Teamsters' Transportation Opportunity Program (TOP), a multimillion-dollar project now awaiting government approval as part of the War on Poverty program. The objective is to teach reading, writing and arithmetic to 1,500 persons in California in the next fifteen months, then to teach truck driving to 500, mechanical maintenance of trucks to another 500, and passenger car driving to the remainder. And then to get jobs for them.

TOP was turned down initially by the California Department of Vocational Education, on the ground that the Teamsters' union is not an educational institution. Of course it isn't, but its deficiencies in this respect may be remedied by a tie-in with the Institute of Industrial Relations at the University of California's Los Angeles branch. UCLA will supervise the program, with Teamsters' Joint Council 42 providing administrative services.

Several novel—and promising—features have been embodied in the TOP setup. The students will be school dropouts recruited from Watts and similar incubators of despair and disorder. The teachers will be experienced truck drivers. There will not be too wide a gap between trainees and teachers in dress, language and background. The trainees will be strongly motivated, since those who qualify will be in line for jobs. Young students will get the regular youth training allowance of $20 a week; adults can get up to $85 a week while in training.

The success of the project is not assured, despite its formidable support. The California Trucking Association, which has its own school for drivers, is not enthusiastic about the proposed alliance of the federal government, the Teamsters and UCLA. But the CTA course, like a number of others in the area, is not aimed at the poverty community: it costs the student $495.

The Teamsters seem to have thought out their role in the project. Even if a student does nothing but complete driver training, he will be qualified to take jobs which require ability to operate a car. After finishing the TOP course, students will be encouraged to accept non-driving jobs as a means of getting a foothold in the industry, if no drivers' jobs are open. Later the student may be able to work his way up to a well-paying long-distance driving job. The sponsors of the program wish to avoid resentment on the part of drivers who are working and have seniority.

The whole project is experimental, but it embodies a down-to-earth approach, and the combination of a great university and a powerful union gives it a good chance.

PREVENTING THE PEACE

Report from an Intermediary

PHILIPPE DEVILLERS

Mr. Devillers, at present a visiting professor in the Southeast Asia Program at Cornell University, is the director of the Southeast Asia Studies, Center for Study of International Relations, University of Paris. He is also editor of France-Asie. *His publications include* Vietnam and France, Histoire du Vietnam de 1940 à 1952, *and with Jean Lacouture* La Fin d'une Guerre, *which to date is the most detailed study of the Geneva Conference and Agreements of 1954. Mr. Devillers was a correspondent in Vietnam and Cambodia for* Le Monde *from 1945 through 1946, and from 1947 to 1957 he free-lanced for various publications in Southeast Asia.*

For more than a year now, North Vietnam has been facing a new blitz. Hundreds of planes daily pound roads, bridges, villages, factories, administrative buildings, etc. And behind the smoke of the exploding bombs and rockets, a voice keeps repeating: "I want peace. Come on, peacefully; don't be afraid. I just want to bring you to the conference table. Let us reason together."

Facing the new blitz, North Vietnam resembles London twenty-six years ago. The British people also heard the sweet words of peace and the explosions of bombs simultaneously, and they resisted both. Yet nobody in Europe has ever dared to cast responsibility for the four years of mass destruction and mass killings on Winston Churchill because he refused to "negotiate" in July, 1940, with Hitler. In what sense, then, is North Vietnam today alone responsible for the continuation of the fighting?

It is responsible, says the Johnson Administration, for two reasons: Hanoi is engaged in aggression against South Vietnam, and Hanoi refuses to come to the conference table. The grounds on which these assertions are made,

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and the means by which they are given a seeming credibility, are the topics of this article.

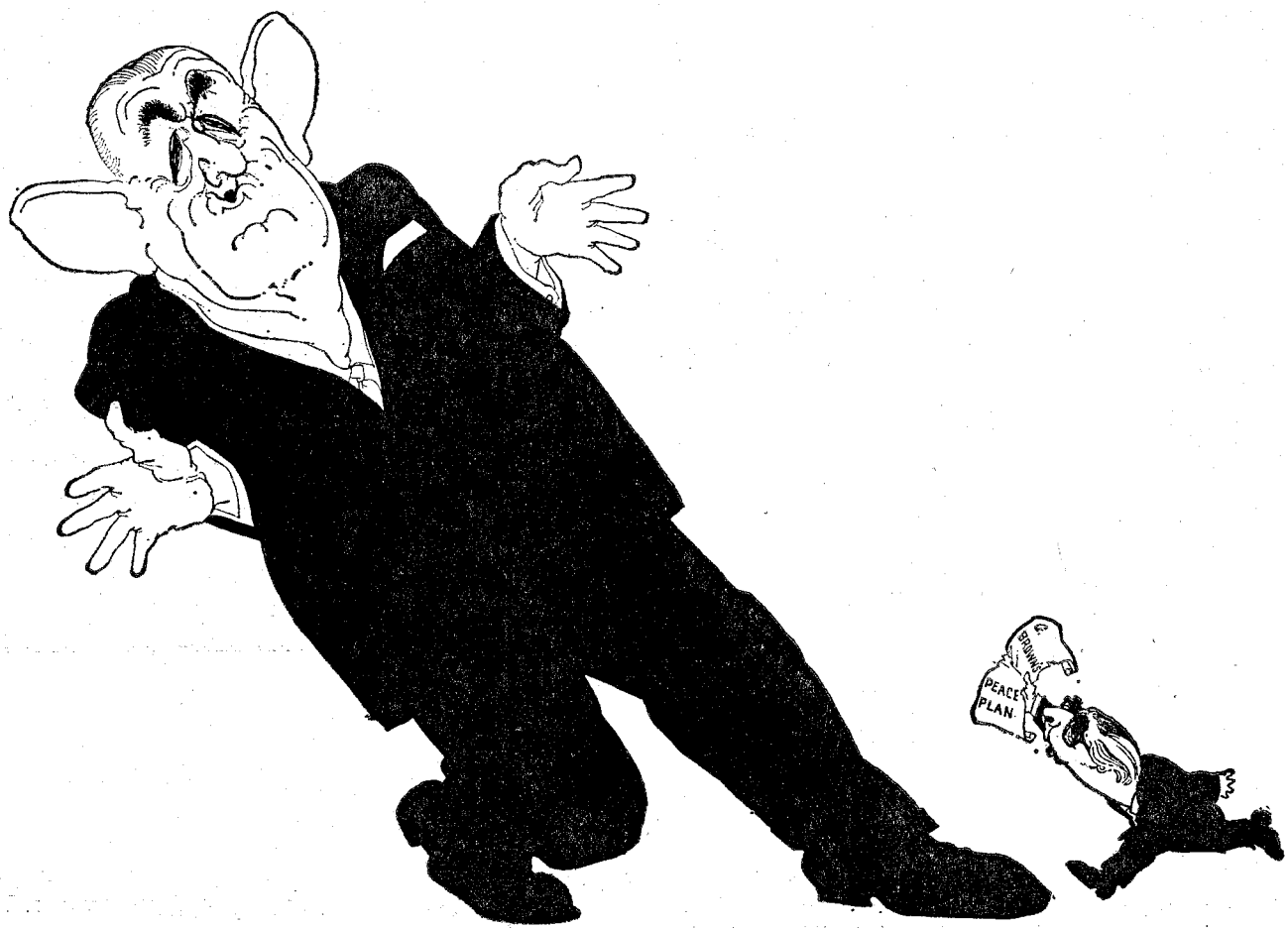
For many years Washington has presented the background of the war in Vietnam in a way to suit its own interests. This Orwellian rewriting of history, which twists or obliterates every significant event between 1954 and 1960, is now accepted by millions of well-meaning but uninformed people in many parts of the world. The official American version is so powerfully financed and widely spread through mass media that millions of people all over the world are now unable to know the truth.

To begin with, we can understand nothing about Vietnamese politics if we ignore the fact that Vietnam is the only country in Southeast Asia where there has been, for forty years, a very close association between nationalism and communism. As a Frenchman, I must confess that this is the unhappy but natural result of the policy of a right-wing-dominated colonial administration which, from 1921 on, called any opponent of colonial rule a "Communist." People who challenged colonial policy increasingly became allied, sometimes reluctantly, sometimes willingly, with the Communists. From the start, the Communist Party was a staunch opponent of colonial rule and consequently became widely admired. A high-ranking official of the French Colonial Office once told a friend of mine that almost any nationalist leader in Vietnam had his price—but, said he, "we could never buy Ho Chi Minh." Every Vietnamese knows this.

The association between communism and nationalism, the identification of a national cause and a social struggle, is so strong in Vietnam that it can be broken only by offering in its stead a strong nationalist, noncorrupt, nonoligarchic government. That is precisely what many of those concerned had hoped to achieve in the South after the Geneva Agreements.

What has been going on in South Vietnam since 1954? The story did not begin in 1959 when the Hanoi government allegedly decided to subvert and take over the South. The story actually begins just before the signing of the Geneva Agreements, when the French and the Americans decided that Diem would be the best leader of that part of Vietnam that could still be denied to the Communists. He was chosen not because he was an able or intelligent politician but because he was known to be a staunch anti-Communist who enjoyed a certain prestige, a reputation for incorruptibility, and because he had been recommended by the CIA.

Almost from the beginning, the South grew up as a dictatorship. Diem first purged the army and started the war against the sects; then he hunted the Southern democrats and leftists. He arrested many thousands of them, in violation of the Geneva Agreements which provided that nobody could be indicted or charged for the stand he had taken during the French war. With CIA help, he created a network of informers and police organizations throughout the country. With American acquiescence, he bluntly refused to talk with Hanoi about any resumption of normal



Gerald Scarfe, London Daily Mail: Ben Roth

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relations between North and South, and in 1956 he refused to hold the elections outlined in the Geneva accords.

I do not believe that the failure to hold the election was the determining factor in the resumption of the Vietnamese struggle. The main cause was Diem's partisan stand, his reliance on Catholic and Northern refugees, his imposition of a despotic oligarchic rule on the broad-minded and liberal Southern population. Very early, the regime started a denunciation campaign and outlawed all left wingers, democrats and middle of the roaders. By 1956, the network of police informers had become so efficient that the remnants of the sects, of the Viet Minh, of all former members of the French Union forces felt obliged to go underground and to respond to government violence with violence. Army "mopping-up" operations were met with increasing resistance all through the countryside.

In 1956-57, some members of those anti-Diem resistance movements, most of them right wing, went to Paris to ask for help. Even members of the Saigon officers corps were looking for help against Diem. These anti-Communist leaders were already concerned by the flow of former Viet Minh members who were joining their groups to escape Diem's witch hunting. Even then, they were afraid that Communists would soon outnumber anti-Communists in the resistance groups. But they were unable to get help.

The situation became more serious. Despite intensive searches, interrogation under torture, burning of houses and intensified mopping-up operations, the villagers did not yield. However, the police became increasingly exasperated and jailed or killed more and more people. In 1957-58, villages began to create "self-defense units" to resist police and army intrusions by force. The first "South Vietnam Liberation Front" came into being. Saigon replied by sending regiments with artillery and aircraft against the rebels. Guerrilla warfare was the result.

Thus, from 1958 onward, the army in South Vietnam became aware that Diem was playing into Communist hands by reducing the people to such a state of despair and exasperation that the Communists would eventually find it easy to take over the rebellion. The military felt they would have to seize power before this could happen. However, the network of Diem informers was efficient: the plots were foiled and the army purged.

American propaganda claims that the murder of village chiefs, the "Vietcong wave of terrorism," was the beginning of the story. But American propagandists do not point out that 80 to 90 per cent of the so-called "chiefs" killed or kidnaped in the villages in 1958-59 were informers of the secret police; nor that the people in these villages were closely watched and spied upon, often denounced, arbitrarily blackmailed, arrested and even tortured. The villagers had no more choice than did the resistance groups in German-occupied Europe: unless they killed the informers, they themselves would be arrested, tortured or killed.

Thus the revolt in South Vietnam is the direct product of the oppression of a peaceful rural populace by a police state. The Southerners had no choice other than to fight or be enslaved by the "bourgeois," mainly Catholic, "refugees" from the North who had the upper hand in the Diem regime. To survive, and to get rid of this hated oligarchy, they asked for Hanoi's support. Hanoi refused on the ground that its intervention would bring the United States into the struggle and Khrushchev's policy of coexistence would be impaired. It recommended that the Southerners try to get reforms from the Diem regime.

But urged on by the peasants, Viet Minh veterans decided in 1959 to go into action. In March, 1960, they published a letter saying that the people of the South could no longer wait, that they had to rise in self-defense; they called for drastic reforms and for setting up a new democratic coalition government in Saigon. This letter was distributed and published in Paris in April, 1960. It is therefore a mistake—or a lie—to state that Hanoi decided in September, 1960, to create a liberation front. The crucial issue at the Lao Dong Party Congress of September, 1960, in Hanoi was: "Should we support the comrades in the South who are now engaged in a dangerous struggle, or should we let them down or advise them to compromise?" The Chinese said that the Southern insurgents were fighting an anti-imperialist struggle and must be supported. The Russians recommended caution and stressed the risks of increased difficulties with the Americans, which might impair the spirit of Camp David and lead to a major conflict. Hanoi decided to let the comrades in the South decide for themselves what they thought best, and merely to help them make some adjustments in their "general political line." Representatives of various Southern resistance organizations decided in December, 1960, to create the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam.

The story of "aggression from the North" was *fabricated* early in 1960 by Diem, who circulated fake reports of "Northern" infiltration in the Highlands in order to conceal his inability to deal with the rural insurrection, and to enlist American armed support. Although foreign military intervention violated both the Geneva Agreements and the Manila SEATO treaty, the "idea" was accepted by Washington, and military assistance granted.

It is true that after 1962 Hanoi, in response to the American "special war," supported the struggle of the Southern insurgents. No one, however, can call that aggression. There are not two *states* in Vietnam, but two parts of *one* country. The Geneva Agreements are very emphatic and precise on this point. The "provisional military demarcation line" between French Union forces and the People's Army can in no way be considered a political boundary. In a letter of May 6, 1954, to Bao Dai, Mr. Bidault, the French Foreign Minister, said that because France was committed to defend the unity and independence of Vietnam, it would never accept a partition of that country.

Europeans are better able to understand this kind of situation. For anyone who remembers the 1940-44 period, the North Vietnamese who fight in the South with Chinese or Russian weapons are no more "aggressors" than were the Free French who parachuted into occupied France with British or American weapons. So the Diemist story of "Northern aggression" cannot be a justification for any kind of attack against the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, or for military action and escalation that were intended to conceal political and intellectual incapacity.

My second point concerns Hanoi's "refusal" to negotiate. Because of the new turns just taken by the American

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escalation machine, I feel I must disclose certain facts which have not hitherto been made public. Last year I was one of the many people who attempted to make possible a contact between Washington and Hanoi. In May, 1965, shortly after Mr. Johnson's Baltimore speech and Pham Van Dong's four conditions for negotiations, I went to Washington to find out for myself what the American Administration's position really was, and whether it was seriously prepared to negotiate. I was in Washington from May 15 to May 21—during the greater part of the bombing pause—and I had a most interesting series of interviews with White House, State Department and Pentagon officials, influential Senators and columnists. I was told by a responsible source that Ho Chi Minh knew perfectly well (it was reported that a message had been channeled to him) that he could stop the bombing at any moment: he had only to give a signal, a hint of his "willingness to talk." It appeared to me, however, that the Administration, ignoring (or unaware of) Vietnamese psychology, was pressing Hanoi so hard for an answer to Johnson's peace offer that it could scarcely reply without appearing to be yielding to a threat. The need for a neutral intermediary, to allow Ho Chi Minh to answer in an oblique way, seemed imperative.

Meanwhile, on the final day of the bombing pause, the representative of the North Vietnamese Government conveyed to the French Foreign Office a confirmation that Dong's Four Points were to be considered as a *basis* for talks and that Hanoi was not asking for a withdrawal of American troops prior to any negotiation. Because of the difference in time between Paris and Washington this message was transmitted three hours later; the bombing was thus resumed, and the chance to negotiate destroyed. At the time, there were roughly 30,000 American troops in Vietnam.

However, a few weeks later it still seemed worth while to attempt to get some answer from North Vietnam. So I wrote a personal letter to Ho Chi Minh. I asked him whether he was prepared to respect the independence of South Vietnam as long as the South Vietnamese wished to maintain it, whether he would prefer to negotiate directly with Washington or with Saigon, or through a reconvened Geneva conference, and finally, what his attitude was toward President Johnson's offer to negotiate. It took some weeks to get a reply, but it finally arrived on August 13, and Hanoi radio made it public. Ho Chi Minh wrote that the Democratic Republic of Vietnam would respect South Vietnam's independence as long as the Southerners wished (reunification would be effected by consent), that he would consider a Geneva-type conference if the Americans unconditionally and immediately ceased the bombing of the North, abstained from offensive operations in the South, and gave some "tangible proofs" that they had accepted the Four Point proposal. He asked for withdrawal of American troops, without being specific about any delay.

This answer was published in *Le Monde* (August 14, 1965), but although it was primarily directed to them, the Americans hardly took notice of it. There were only a few lines in such papers as *The New York Times* and the New York *Herald Tribune*. The conclusion drawn in this press and on the C.B.S. network by Mr. Rusk himself (August 23), was that the answer proved that Ho Chi Minh did not want peace. I thought differently; it seemed to me that this was a hard-line, but still open answer, not a blunt refusal, and that it could lead to negotiations. Therefore, from Boston, I wrote the White House to explain how I viewed the matter. I was invited to talk it over with the Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs.

On the 26th of August, near La Guardia Airport, I had a two-hour talk with Mr. William Bundy to whom I tried to explain my point of view, as a simple private Atlantic citizen. He refused to accept the notion that Hanoi was willing to negotiate and said that in any case Hanoi's third point ruled out the possibility, since the U.S. was determined not to negotiate with the National Liberation Front as a Southern organization. Bundy told me that in his opinion there was no chance of political settlement in the South for at least two or three years, during which time, he said, we shall have rebuilt the social structure of the countryside, the peasants will be so disgusted with the Vietcong that they will denounce them, and Saigon will then be able to wipe them out completely, or to bring them under strict control. After which, Bundy said, it may be possible to have free elections and then, perhaps, negotiations with the Left. I emphasized then to the Assistant Secretary (as I had the previous day to *The New York Times*) the necessity for "de-escalation." I said that the bombing of a dam in Tonkin, reported in that morning's papers, was not the kind of answer Ho Chi Minh's interview called for. On the contrary, in response to what *has to be* interpreted as a signal—even if it was not conclusive—Americans would have to show they had heard and understood it, and give a corresponding answer. That would be an easy way to "de-escalate." I asked then if, as I had been told in the White House in May, Washington could now consider a pause in the bombings. Bundy eluded the question. A few weeks later, a smiling young American diplomat told me in Paris: "We have been slow to move in, as in World War II. But now we have in Vietnam an absolute mastery of the air. When the Vietcong will be unable to move more than two men together in the rice fields without being shot from a helicopter, the war will fade out. . . ." Such attitudes could only make me suspicious of Washington's real intentions, and the suspicion was confirmed for me sometime later, when I heard the complete story of the breakdown of earlier attempts at negotiations.

During a visit to Vietnam in February, 1964, I had tried to assess peace possibilities. At that time it had seemed possible to get some kind of political compromise in Saigon—which had been impossible under Diem—and with this, a chance of peace. But it was precisely because this chance of peace did exist, and had to be eliminated, that General Khanh made his coup with American backing. Soon thereafter the situation became so dangerous that on July 1, 1964, de Gaulle and Sihanouk suggested a new Geneva conference. U Thant strongly supported the proposal and made it more precise. The Russians, the Chinese, the Poles, the Indians—and Hanoi—accepted the idea. On July 23, de Gaulle made a second call to reconvene the Geneva conference. The following day President Johnson stated that such a conference would only "ratify terror" and aggres-

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sion, a thing he could not accept. On July 25, the British Government supported this position and General Khanh "categorically rejected any proposal aiming to reconvene a new Geneva conference." On July 27, Khanh announced the reinforcement of the body of American advisers and of U.S. Special Forces. On July 28, George Ball said in Washington: "We do not visualize taking extreme decisions, but if there are provocative actions, we should probably respond."

A few days later came the Tonkin Bay incident which completely destroyed any possibility of international talks. I have had, from some Vietnamese officers who have since emigrated to France, some hints pointing to the conclusion that this incident was deliberately provoked in order to offset the pressure for peace. They said that a small special force was sent from the South and a secret landing made on the North Vietnamese coast, as well as on small islands, far north of the 17th Parallel, with the support of U.S. ships. What were South Vietnamese and American task forces doing in this area at that time? However the incident occurred, it was taken seriously in Washington: a Congressional resolution gave President Johnson a free hand "to deal by force with such aggression." It was good politics to meet Goldwater's warmongering, but it seems to me (and I suggested as much in public meetings and on television) that Congress ought to inquire into the Tonkin Bay incident and that full light should be cast onto what can be called the "masterminding of escalation."

After August, 1964, the North Vietnamese realized that they would soon be attacked. A contact they had in Paris states that they were then prepared to negotiate a settlement with the United States and to meet some envoy, in Rangoon for instance, for discussions. This message was channeled to the UN Secretariat and passed on to the U.S. Government. General Ne Win undertook to arrange the meeting; it was quite official and Ne Win's speech announcing the meeting appeared in the Burmese press. But the Americans took the line that the offer was not genuine, and in any case, they said, nothing could be done before the Presidential elections.

U Thant then offered to mediate in a private capacity, and Adlai Stevenson so informed the President. He had to wait two months for an answer, which appeared to be flatly negative. Stevenson was shattered. Washington rejected these last mentioned approaches on the ground that they would break morale in South Vietnam, already thoroughly shaken by Buddhist demonstrations and other anti-government moves. The time was again considered inopportune and the U.S. Government refused to negotiate from a position of weakness.

Still another approach was made through France in February, 1965. M. Couve de Murville went to Washington to inform the government there that both France and the USSR felt that the time was propitious for a conference and were ready to work for it; that Hanoi (where Mr. Kosygin had visited recently) would accept talks, and that even the Chinese had indicated they would not object. The American response was to bomb the North (March 2, 1965). To the French, it was as though an ambassador had been shot as he was returning from the meeting place,

Tribune (London)

"We are not in Vietnam to dictate what sort of government they should have."—President Johnson

and by a man of his own party. Since then, as a neutral diplomat put it, the North Vietnamese can no more trust the Johnson Administration than the British and French could trust Hitler after the capture of Prague.

All this is only part of a longer story, but from it one should understand why no one involved in what has passed between the two sides in the last two years can credit the Johnson Administration's contention that it is seeking negotiations. The American side has not made a single *serious* approach. It has always knocked at the wrong door although repeatedly told what course to take, whom to approach, how and where. Johnson, Rusk, McNamara and the others just hope that some day Moscow will succeed in outflanking Peking and order Hanoi to withdraw its troops from South Vietnam; but they give no indication as to the regime that will then be established in the South.

A cease-fire could probably have been negotiated a long time ago; but a cease-fire can be negotiated only if the two parties concerned are told what will happen next. For the South Vietnamese people, what should happen next is that the resistance groups and movements—the sects, the democrats, the Communists and their allies, as well as their competitors—should be allowed to take part in the political reconstruction process. We know that the Americans and the Cao Ky government are not ready (and have never been ready) to give a voice to anyone who is not anti-Communist. The American political conditions, put forward on November 17, 1965, and confirmed to me by William Bundy on December 14, have not been softened. As long as Washington, at the request of South Vietnamese cliques, closes the door in this manner to movements struggling for social justice, democratic government and genuine national independence, there will be no end to the fighting.

We may, however, imagine what could happen. A civilian, representative government in Saigon could pledge that after a cease-fire all Southern organizations, whatever their creed or ideology, will be admitted into the discussion to form a provisional government. Such a "provisional government" could be made up of Buddhists, Catho-

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lics, trade unions, the army, the Front—the entire political spectrum could participate, on the basis of a limited program to be carried out by common action. This government could at least act as the representative of South Vietnam; it would be in a position to state that it would be neutral in international relations, that it would aim at normal, even good or cordial, relations with Hanoi; it could accept economic aid from any country in the world, provided it did not include political interference or strings, and it could commit itself to a general election.

I therefore think that the only way to end this war is to enter a gradual process of de-escalation, to proceed by stages: First an indefinite and unconditional halt in the bombing of the North, and in the South a "fading" of offensive operations on both sides. Second, a civilian, provisional but broadly representative government in Saigon. Third, a cease-fire, discreetly negotiated with the NLF, including serious, mutual political and military guarantees, followed by an international agreement guaranteeing the neutrality of South Vietnam. At this point, the withdrawal of the U.S. forces, at the request of the Saigon government, would take place in stages; first to some enclaves, then for home. In a free South Vietnam, left at last alone, there would be then a Presidential election, possibly controlled by an ICC.

These are only tentative suggestions, but they show that there are still obviously viable alternatives to military escalation. The trouble is that, for the time being, there is not much to negotiate between Washington and Hanoi. It is obvious, from the exploratory talks I had in the United States last year, that the only thing the Americans want from Hanoi is the withdrawal of their troops from the South and a cessation of aid to the NLF. And Hanoi's leaders understandably have made clear that they will not cease to help their brothers in the South as long as the Americans support the puppet regime in Saigon.

However, the negotiations that could lead to peace are not those between Washington and Hanoi but among the various groups in South Vietnam which could combine to form a truly representative government. The easiest, the cheapest way to peace is to act decisively in Saigon. Moscow and Peking will never jointly ask Hanoi to yield, and Hanoi will never ask the NLF to surrender or to yield. But if a way is opened in the South for discussions with the Front and if those culminate in a settlement acceptable to the Front, then events could move quickly. What the Front will find acceptable, Hanoi will also accept, and what Hanoi will accept, willy-nilly, Moscow and Peking will have to accept. So the door to peace lies in Saigon. All Washington has to do is furnish the key.

Saigon: Drowning in Dollars

DESMOND SMITH
Mr. Smith, a frequent Nation *contributor, was recently in Saigon on assignment from an American television network.*

"This is Tan Son Nhut," says a soft French voice on the intercom; "please fasten your seat belts." The Air France 707 was dipping its wet and glistening wings beneath a sky thick and dark with thunder. The flooded patchwork of emerald green rice paddies, canals and stands of coconut trees slid by below. The nose of the big jet dipped abruptly, and just as swiftly we are rolling to a stop on the rain-slicked runway. The war is here all right. Tanks line the perimeter; blast shelters house droop-nosed Phantom jets, and on the flight line stand the burnt-out hulks of several aircraft hit in a surprise Vietcong mortar attack.

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The windows of the bar on the 9th floor of the Caravelle Hotel are crisscrossed with masking tape for protection against bomb blast. Outside the night sky is ghostly bright with flares, apparently a nightly occurrence. "It's O.K.," says a veteran correspondent, "the Caravelle is the safest spot in town. Let me give you the score. Number one—the joint is owned by the Catholic Church, so we've got God on our side. Number two (dropping his voice to a confidential whisper)—I hear that the management pays double taxes to the National Liberation Front."

"Really?" I asked, "then what about last year's terrorist bombing?"

A wry smile creased his face. "That was *not* the VC. As a matter of fact, they were quite upset about the entire affair, and I'm not sure that they didn't help to track down the culprit. In the end it turned out to be a disgruntled employee." So that disposed of the question about safety.

At about 8:15 the next morning, we were driving through Saigon's outer ring of festering slums. We were searching for an election rally, but Mister Chan, the driver, had lost his way. Now we were trapped in a welter of muddy alleyways and hostile faces. Bob Jennings, the cameraman, clutched tight his shiny new $45 Abercrombie & Fitch throwing knife. Lou Cioffi, the A.B.C. correspondent, kept his eyes on the crowded street. Harry Wheldon, the sound engineer, was busy racking off pictures with his Nikon. Meanwhile, Mister Chan talked quietly in Vietnamese to his 9-year-old Chevrolet as it slithered over the muddy road.

By the river's edge we finally ran into our election rally. Ringed by stony-faced police, a group of about thirty people, chiefly children and old men, were listening to a dapper man in a sharkskin suit—apparently one of the candidates—who was reading rapidly from a typewritten speech. Behind him, five other candidates fidgeted at a cloth-covered table; every so often one of them looked at his wrist watch (under the election rules, all the candidates had to appear together and each could speak for only ten minutes at a time). Lovely stuff. But first there was a small boy of about 11 who insisted on standing by the microphone and asking for candy, and soon Jennings was surrounded by clutching hands and the spectators lost all

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interest in the candidates and were watching the cameraman with rapt attention. It is a familiar phenomenon and, from our point of view, frustrating.

The mere presence of a television crew changes the scene in a hundred different ways. To my somewhat practiced eye, a half-dozen new elements entered the picture frame; a banner appeared, a candidate spoke more boldly, the police became alert, the crowd shifted its attention toward the camera, and so on. Later the candidate in sharkskin came over and asked if we would like some of his election material.

"Tell the American people I'm campaigning under the sign of the conical hat."

Since he spoke English, I asked him if he would mind telling us a little more about the election. He was willing to oblige, only he would prefer to stand with his back to the Saigon River.

"How many are in your party?"

"We have four candidates."

"What is your program?"

"A good program, an end to inflation and a democratic assembly just as soon as the Communists are driven out."

"What is your work when you are not campaigning?"

"I'm a public health doctor."

"Employed by the government?"

"Yes, of course."

"Has the government given you time off to campaign?"

"Yes, and it has also paid for all our posters and our campaign literature and it provides police protection so that we can campaign."

"You are not afraid of the Vietcong?"

The candidate laughs. "Why should I be afraid?"

A brave answer. One should never admit cowardice; one should be stoic like this doctor, standing with his back to the river.

• • •

A street map of Saigon literally reminds one of an elongated spider's web. The core of the city is totally dominated by the Americans occupying the biggest buildings. Between the heavily guarded PX (formerly a fashionable hotel) and the sandbagged American Embassy, the once elegant heart of Saigon is now a coruscating enclave of street urchins, prostitutes, GIs and honky-tonks. By contrast, the outer strands of Saigon are taken up almost wholly by dreary ribbons of tin-roofed shantytowns. Out there is a kind of political no man's land, occupied alike by Catholics, Buddhists and followers of the National Liberation Front. So insulated is the town's core from this perimeter that when the Buddhist-led street riots took place earlier this year most Americans in Saigon first learned about them in their morning newspapers. Two fundamental things, it seems, are terribly wrong here. The first is that the Americans have brought with them all the imperial trappings—fantastic corruption, unlimited wealth, and an age-old system of appointing court favorites. This has made many Vietnamese (not all of them VC sympathizers) suspicious about the purpose of this massive U.S. intrusion. The other thing wrong is that, for all their apparent power, the Americans live and work in a tight little enclave, isolated and insulated from the rest of the city. To an outsider the insecurity of Saigon itself is perhaps the most astonishing discovery.

In South Vietnam as a whole, some 5 million people, out of a total population of 14 million, live in a dozen government-controlled cities. But the bulk of the population lives in the countryside, a third of which is Vietcong day and night and the remainder no more than "secure by day." What the U.S. forces hold in fact is a series of garrison towns or forts. The war itself has a mood and character absolutely different from World War II; it feels like a replay of the Indian Wars. The problem for the American garrison is to "find and fix" the elusive enemy. Contact with the Vietcong then would appear to be accidental. It is not. The American tactic is to mount a search and destroy operation in known VC territory. The Vietcong tactic is to attack and destroy an American unit when the price of victory seems cheap. To make contact the American commanders will send a company deep into VC territory by means of helicopters; these units are "bait" for Vietcong. The initiative then is almost always on the side of the Vietcong. If the enemy chooses to fight, the "bait" company is frequently wiped out, either by the enemy or by the air strikes and artillery which are immediately called in to soften up for the main assault.

Along the crowded road that runs close by the now closed Vien Hoa Dao, Saigon's main Buddhist pagoda, old

slogans have been whitewashed and new election posters are papered everywhere. We went there to interview the owner of a printing plant and publisher of one of Saigon's new dailies. He was happy to explain the coming election for his American friends. The main task now was to re-educate the South Vietnamese peasant in the ways of self-determination and democracy. As the South Vietnamese Army (ARVN) and the U.S. forces free more and more areas, pacification teams will move in, and free elections will be held in which the U.S. forces will not interfere. The present constitution-writing assembly will provide the basic document—a Bill of Rights, so to speak—for this future democratically elected assembly. All parties will be repre-

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sented, Buddhist, Catholic, Hoa Hao, Cao Dai, perhaps even a few Communists. The people can elect any kind of government they want.

"Supposing it turns out that most of them choose the National Liberation Front?" The interview abruptly ended.

• • •

Nowadays South Vietnam lives, if you care to call it living, almost entirely off the Americans. Below the 17th Parallel the fragile Asian economy has all but collapsed under the prodigious dollar deluge. An Air Vietnam hostess told a British journalist recently: "Of course I want the Americans to stay—I don't want the Vietcong to take away my freedom. But I can't help hating the Americans for the way they are corrupting my country." No one can possibly underestimate the importance of corruption in South Vietnamese affairs. And in spite of questions raised during Congressional hearings, it seems unlikely that the situation will change.

The essential fact about South Vietnam is that the military directorate owns and runs it like a giant private trading organization. South Vietnam is divided into forty-five separate provinces, each commanded by a military officer. Each province is further subdivided into dozens of districts that are also under military rule. Communities (with the single exception of Saigon) all have army officers as mayors. In theory, all lines of authority reach back to the Defense Ministry in Saigon. In fact, the corps commanders are the virtual war lords of their regions. It is they who distribute the U.S. economic aid in their regions; they dominate the transportation system; their representatives have their hands on practically all business enterprises.

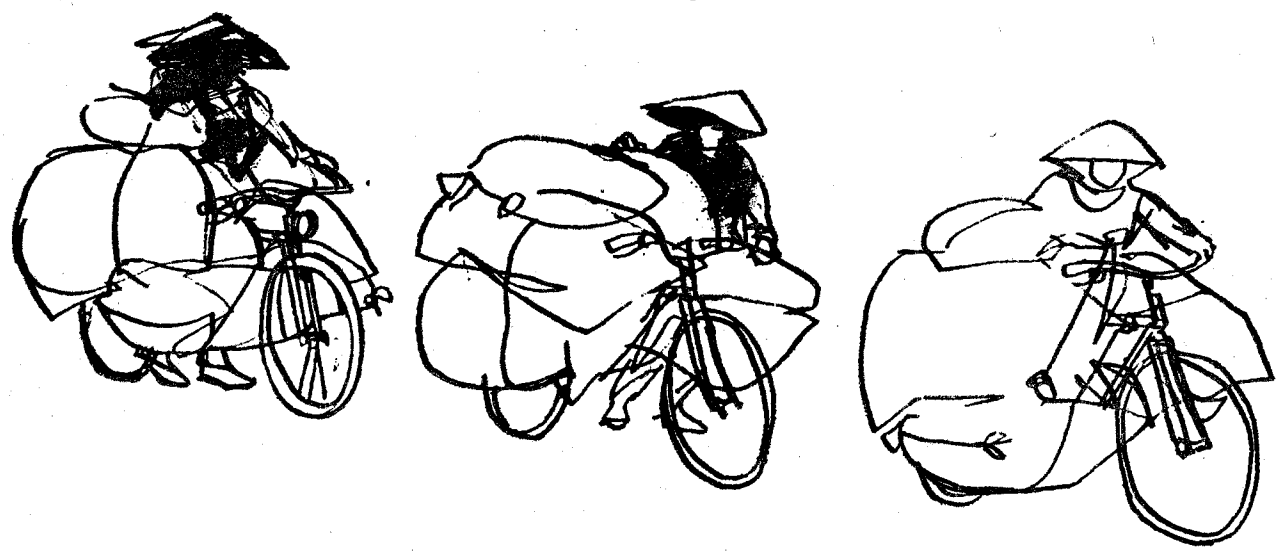
By the most conservative estimate, ARVN is one of the largest consumers of military aid in the world. Since 1960, more than $2 billion has been spent on training and equipment. One remarkable thing is that there has not been an audit of military aid since 1960. But while the military directorate has little to complain about, the ordinary ARVN conscript has plenty. According to a private briefing given by a U.S. general to newsmen in Saigon last August, more than 113,000 members of the Vietnamese armed forces deserted in 1965. An additional 67,000 deserted in the first six months of 1966. And in spite of stiff penalties, the desertion rate continues to climb.

The Ky military junta has been walled off from the U.S. military and civil command by a fiction that makes the directorate a government in its own right. Not since Major Watson of the United States Marines recognized Colonel Trujillo ("he thinks like a Marine!") as the legitimate head of state, has the United States painted itself into such a corner. The affection of South Vietnamese generals for their special interests as distinguished from the national interest thus makes a scandal out of every American sacrifice in this bitter war.

When Premier Ky's agents arrested Ta Vinh, a Chinese importer, and summarily executed him for "profiteering" it was a cruel publicity stunt. And that's all that it was. Immediately afterward, the Chinese community called a boycott on importing and sent prices soaring in a dizzy spiral. Last summer, Ky relented and eased restrictions. Now AID is financing the Chinese importers and profiteering is easier than ever. According to Sen. Robert P. Griffin, who visited Saigon earlier this year, only two officials, out of a total of 3,000 AID employees in South Vietnam, supervise the multimillion-dollar commodity improvement program. Griffin angrily accuses AID of laxity, and has quoted French allegations that $200 million in AID money has been deposited abroad by South Vietnamese businessmen.

The first thing I encountered in South Vietnam was a taxi driver who offered to exchange my dollars at a black-market rate of 160 piasters to the dollar (the official rate is 118). The second was a modest hotel room that cost $24 a day. The two phenomena are closely related. Prices in South Vietnam are fantastic, and (in spite of devaluation) are going up at the astounding rate of 1 per cent a day. It is difficult to calculate what the piaster means to a South Vietnamese worker, but even so the costs of most commodities are stupefying. A kilo of pork last year cost 60 piasters, today it is 260 piasters. Lettuce has jumped from 15 to 70. Rice—the basic food—from 5 piasters a liter to 18. A bar of soap costs 50 piasters; a suit of clothes 10,000 piasters; a phonograph record 1,000; a Honda scooter 50,000; a Taunus automobile more than 1 million piasters. A stevedore earns 200 piasters a day ($1.90).

Prices constitute the meanest form of rationing. In the ARVN where a soldier has to buy his own food, salaries range from 3,000 piasters a month ($25) for privates to 19,-



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000 piasters ($160) a month for generals. Civil servants are, if anything, even worse off. The highest grade (Class A) earns only 9,500 piasters a month ($82). The Vietnamese educated class, with its Confucian ideas of good government, is understandably bitter and humiliated. A doctor summed it up from his point of view: "What can we say to you Americans—*merci bien*—for turning our women into a nation of bar girls?" Bar girls, a euphemism for prostitutes, earn more than government ministers.

From the economic point of view the overwhelming problem of South Vietnam is the dollar deluge. And the Ky directorate has printed money to pay for the war. Vietnam's money supply has soared from 27 billion piasters in 1965 to some 57 billion now. According to official figures, the American GI spends $30 to $40 a month in Vietnam, or roughly four times the annual per capita income of the Vietnamese civilian. In a desperate effort to soak up some of the dollar deluge every conceivable kind of luxury item is being squeezed through the already overcrowded ports. It is broadly true to say that in South Vietnam the American GI has available to him the best of everything. Yet one may ask how ordinary people are supposed to live. The answer could be that they don't.

• • •

"I'm telling you it's the Godforsaken truth," said Harry, that morning in Saigon, as we ate breakfast in his room at the Caravelle. "We are quite cold-bloodedly razing every VC village in South Vietnam. Operation Wipe Out. They've got about 12,000 hamlets to go and the only hold right now is the terrific napalm shortage."

"Stop it, will you," I said. "This is a war isn't it? People get killed in a war don't they? But that's a good deal different from what you are saying."

"Come with me to Long An in the morning—it's fifteen minutes by chopper—and I'll show you the scorched bodies we left behind on Friday."

"I'm not interested. What's the point?"

"I want you to see what's really going on. Bring the cameras. This isn't a bloody war, it's genocide. The trouble with people like you is that you hate facts. I want you to smell the goddamned facts."

"Look, I don't believe Rusk when he calls the VC murderers, and I don't believe you when you want to prove to me that the U.S. Army is nothing more than Murder, Inc."

"But what I'm telling you is the truth. They've got even bigger plans, including the fire bombing of all of Zone D."

"When was the last time you wrote this story for your paper?"

"You must be kidding! I can't file this kind of story. For one thing, they'd never run it. For another, I'd be called home—back to the financial pages." And as the sounds of Saigon waking up came through the thermo plate windows, Harry snapped on his Zenith world-band radio, and presently we were listening to Armed Forces Radio: "Next I'm going to spin a hot one for y'all—Frankie boy's *Strangers in the Night*."

"He must have made a million with that record," said Harry, his voice mournful. "How do you make a million in this game?"

• • •

This morning a Vietnamese woman was shot down as she sold food just across the street from the Suzy Wong tailors. We were about a block from the Caravelle Hotel when we heard the sharp ping of the bullet. From a heavily sandbagged building nearby MPs came running with their burp guns at the ready. We reached the intersection known locally as "Hell's Corner" (where earlier this year the MPs had mistakenly opened fire on passers-by, killing and wounding a score or more Vietnamese). Suddenly we saw three Negro GIs facing a wall, arms high, being frisked by two MPs. A crowd of some fifty Vietnamese had gathered around the dead woman. A GI pushed through the crowd and placed her conical straw hat over her face; a dark stain of blood was beginning to form under her shoulders. Meanwhile a red-faced MP lieutenant was shouting: "Get the Americans outa here! Get the Americans outa here!"

Within minutes there were three television crews on the scene filming the action and a dozen or so reporters were asking one another what happened. A photographer who claimed he was from *Paris Match* asked an MP to remove the straw hat so he could get a better picture. The MP stopped chewing his gum for a moment, then growled, "get moving buster."

From the *Saigon Daily Post*:

> *The Army said that Pfc. Wallace A. Frazier, 21, of Philadelphia, Pa., was taken into custody after he allegedly shot and killed Dang Thi Mong, an innocent bystander, during an argument with a Vietnamese cab driver on a downtown street corner. The shot was fired with Frazier's personal weapon, a 25-caliber pistol which was not registered. The woman had been talking with friends across the street from where the argument took place. The woman is survived by her husband, and seven children. A spokesman said the commanding officer of Frazier's unit met with the husband today to discuss claims procedures.*

And what is the going rate in South Vietnam for a life destroyed? According to the U.S. Army it is exactly $30.

• • •

Through the festering shantytowns and garbage-strewn streets of Saigon we worked our way in the wake of a slowly moving line of trucks and ancient taxis, through a billowing yellow cloud of dust and check points, until at last we were back again at Tan Son Nhut airfield. "This Way to the Land of the Big PX," says a sign by the roadside. In the soaking heat of the waiting room I flipped through a discarded copy of *Time*:

> Today South Vietnam throbs with a pride and power, above all an esprit, scarcely credible against the summer's somber vista.

At the next table tough-looking Green Berets are arguing with the waiter over the price of a round of "33" beer. An Air Force sergeant is apologizing to a French lady for spilling his drink all over her. "Shorry about that, ma'am."

As the hours pass, the scene in the waiting room takes on the appearance of an enormous party. "Just like Fort Benning, isn't it?" says a very drunk GI. And in the midst of this gay scene I must admit that that is the best one-line description of South Vietnam I have come across. Just like Fort Benning.

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VIEW FROM HUNTERS POINT

NO WAY DOWNTOWN

DONOVAN BESS
Mr. Bess is on the staff of the San Francisco Chronicle.

San Francisco

Two weeks before 16-year-old Matthew Johnson, a black-skinned boy, was shot in the back by a white-skinned policeman in the Hunters Point section of San Francisco, I spent nearly eighty hours in the area. I talked with scores of officials and residents. My impression then was that this Negro slum was a skin cancer on the organism of the city, but that the persons (mostly white) in power in San Francisco, and the federal government, had decided to act as though the poverty and the emotional and cultural isolation of these people were really no more than a bad case of sunburn.

You can cure skin cancer, usually, if you catch it in time and have the will and equipment to apply modern technology. You can't cure it by rubbing it regularly with Sea and Ski. For a week after the rioting of Tuesday, September 27, most of the citizens of the Bay Area were acutely aware that a serious social illness had erupted in violent symptoms. Various campaigns were started to find jobs for Hunters Point Negroes, and there was a good deal of official talk about urgency. But a month after the rioting, the editor of *The Spokesman*, the newspaper published by the anti-poverty project in the area, said quietly: "The most outstanding thing about the atmosphere here now is that everything is the same as before. This is the problem."

The editor, Robert Simms, is getting a law degree at night school. He is one of the most thoughtful Negro leaders in the area; and when he is discouraged, it is time for the people who control San Francisco's wealth and political power to consider something more fundamental than "job programs." The Negroes of Hunters Point have heard that phrase too often. They believe that no "program" will mean what it says until the city's white people decide they really want racial equality.

Last spring, Simms said in a *Spokesman* editorial that the white man, in his conversations—and especially if reinforced by martinis—often puts himself firmly on the record as wanting integration, and "might even go for the idea of a Negro's marrying his sister if he is drunk enough." But he charged that such tolerant talk is rarely translated into social action.

Ten days after the rioting, Simms put out a special edition. He asked in an editorial why the news media had not reported that young men of Hunters Point had risked their lives in successful attempts to calm other youths infuriated by the gunfire of massed policemen. Too often, Simms charged, the whites "would like to believe that the rising incidence of rioting and bloodshed is in no way related to their imperialistic and supremacy attitudes."

The newspaper blamed Mayor John F. Shelley for failing to respond to an S O S sent to him by Negro youth leaders several hours before the rioting began. The youth leaders had requested that the Mayor come to the scene—a trip conspicuously avoided by white leaders over the years. "The group waited for Shelley for several hours, but to no avail," said *The Spokesman*. "There was nothing anybody could do or say to stop what resulted in one of the worst tragedies in San Francisco's history."

Social work officials have over the years made known to City Hall that the young men of Hunters Point have a specially deep hatred of white policemen. One young Negro from the area, Adam Rogers, told an interviewer last July: "The way to stop police brutality is to get the young cops out of this area. . . . One time I had to defend myself against eight young cops—rookies—because they beat me with flashlights while I had handcuffs on my wrists, and they beat me at the police station, too, and when I had to be taken to the hospital, they told the doctor to leave the room, and then they beat me unconscious." Another young man of the area, Elisha King, told the interviewer that policemen were more brutal to youths from Hunters Point "because . . . they want to test you to see if you're as bad as you've been branded." King claimed that "if you've got money you can get out of it," by pay-off. These statements typify the attitudes of young men who live on the hill that comprises most of Hunters Point. If a delegation of officials from City Hall had shown up, in civilian clothes, before the police had to be called, would the tension have been absorbed?

Hunters Point lies about 3 miles south of San Francisco's financial and shopping centers. It lies about a mile to the north of Candlestick Park, the stadium for the Giants' National League baseball team; when there's a home game you can hear the shrieking of the fans. Hunters Point is noticed by most San Franciscans only when they're going to or from a ball game, or if they happen to look east while driving along the freeway that runs down the prosperous Peninsula to San Jose. What you see, from that distance, is a shining pattern of buildings that you imagine must be splendid hillside apartment houses, put there to take advantage of a view of San Francisco Bay that equals that from the rich men's apartments on Telegraph Hill, or from the mansions across the bay in Piedmont, above the city of Oakland.

When you visit Hunters Point, you scarcely appreciate its view. Most of the apartment houses on the hill were built twenty-five years ago for the temporary housing of wartime naval shipyard workers. When the war ended, the hill became San Francisco's major social dump: a place of refuge from redevelopment projects in the central city, and from the prejudice of white landlords. Most of the paint has worn off the flimsy outer walls of these two-story buildings. Garbage cans stand astride front doors. Steady winds from the Pacific Ocean blow variegated trash across the bare terrain. There is not 1 square yard of that customary American garden amenity, the residential lawn. There aren't even doorbells. Broken glass glitters on the steep curves of the streets.

The average age of the hill's 6,300 residents is 13; the number of children under 5 is 985 per 1,000 women. This

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is the most biologically fertile area in San Francisco—it is even more fertile than Chinatown. But there is only one small playground on the hill, and almost no organized, after-school recreation. The sidewalks are much played upon. There used to be a small supermarket; vandalism forced it to close. Only the liquor store remains open. The apartments at night are chock-full of young ones. It's hard to hear the TV for the shouting and giggling. If you're in high school, it's hard to study. The noise from the overcrowded apartment next door comes right through to you.

Hunters Point is a 90 per cent Negro town. The other residents are chiefly Samoans, American Indians, a few whites. It stands on one of the famous seven hills of San

Francisco, but it is hardly a part of that city, and has almost no part in the life of white America.

The isolation is aided by the fact that no through road passes near. A columnist in *The Spokesman* recently spoke of "the people in 'Frisco," using a term no San Franciscan cares to utter. (But in Los Angeles, San Francisco is commonly and rudely referred to by the nickname it hates.) The hill people just don't get downtown much. For one thing, it costs 30c a round trip on the bus; and why go to a strange town when you can't buy yourself some fun? Twenty-two per cent of the Hunters Point households have incomes of $2,000 a year or less.

Another reason the hill people tend to stay on the hill is that they don't like to be mistreated socially or psychologically; that's what they risk when they go downtown. Most of them come from the South. The young men, in particular, frequently respond to outer stimuli with the spontaneity characteristic of primitive peoples. If they don't like what you're saying—if they think you're lying, if they think you're smug or pious—they hit out with direct words. The white people, with their many decades of conventional upbringing, feel insecure in the face of such candor. The young men of the hill are apt to wear garish hair-dos, and usually they do not indulge in grinning, the standard device of ingratiation with young middle-class Americans. Early last July, an anti-poverty program worker took ten young men from the hill sightseeing in the Fisherman's Wharf section of the city. The group visited a wax museum and then, while the ten black-faced tourists were walking along the Embarcadero, an automobile full of young white men pulled alongside and shouted abusive, racist obscenities. One Negro youth muttered to his friends: "I've had about all I can stand from them *sick people*." Their guide, fortunately, was a female; she was able to talk the young men out of violence.

Eloise Wilson, a young matron of the hill, said: "Older people here are kind of afraid of what's outside, but younger people are beginning to mix more since the anti-poverty program began. The young ones are reading more—they pick up a newspaper once in a while and find out what's going on outside." "We don't want to stay in here forever," said Sylvester Brown, a 27-year-old father of five who, formerly a prize fighter in St. Louis, has had much experience of black-white mixing. "We want to know what's going on with *those people*," he said waving his hand toward the west, where white people live in comfortable homes, with soundproofing, flower gardens and doorbells; in districts equipped with shopping centers, tennis courts, bowling alleys, movie theatres, swimming pools and other amenities unknown on the hill.

For more than ten years, there has been a big supply in downtown San Francisco of "concern" about Hunters Point. The "concern" is like that which troubles parents when a rebellious teen-ager persists in behavior that violates the parental mores. It was out of such a baffled state of mind that the city's social-work establishments decided to apply skin oil to the very sore hill that university research people knew, from on-the-spot studies, was afflicted with something worse than sunburn. Nine public and private agencies conceived the idea of opening a Youth Opportunity Center in Hunters Point. The jobless young men and women would be trained, as necessary; educated, when the schools had failed to educate them. Employers would be trained to accept them, and openings would be found downtown. They got some Ford Foundation money and opened a stylish center atop the hill on August 1, 1963. During the next twenty-nine months they spent $2 million on this effort. The project was overseen by the Mayor's Committee on Youth, which is run jointly by City Hall and the United Crusade. In practice, the professional social-work executives who administer private philanthropy made policy for the center. They offered some elegant thinking to the project. One conclusion, based on employment facts, was that these young Negroes' only hope was to find work in the downtown offices of this city, the commercial and financial center of the West Coast.

The center staff found that about 80 per cent of the job seekers were unready for employment. The young men and women were given $1.3 million worth of training. They were coached on how to answer the telephone in the genteel white way; how to touch-type and mimeograph; how to run an adding machine; how to smile when you don't feel like it. Then the young people went back to the

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frail-walled apartments full of little brothers and sisters and tried to study, tried amid the screaming and tension to rehearse their instructions on how to make it in the middle class.

The young men, especially, were hard to place in the office settings. Of 1,173 who registered with the center up to January 1, only 589 were even referred to employment. Nearly a fourth of them never made it past the interview stage. Among other things, they suspected that their white professional friends were about to castrate them. Eunice Elton, who directs San Francisco's employment offices for the State Employment Service, commented that these young Negro men "see the masculine role as one that is working with things rather than ideas." Even if their masculinity had not been at issue, even if they had learned how to be "nice," the employers would not have welcomed them without reservations: nearly a third of the young men had police records (sometimes merely because a white policeman in quest of suspects was a bit too forward and brought on a "resist-arrest" charge).

"In proportion to the need, the staff and resources simply were not adequate," said Miss Elton. The man who directed the center last summer, Wilfred Ho, declared: "Sometimes I wonder what I'm doing up here, why I'm breaking my head against this." George Napper, who directed the anti-poverty program on the hill in its first eleven months, said the center "applied a cosmetic make-up to a situation that required surgery." George Earl, president of the Hunters Point Interblock Council (an unofficial town council developed by the anti-poverty staff), asked: "Why didn't they push for a better school system? These kids are forced to finish high school with only a junior high school education." He was stating a complaint heard from all sides on the hill: that teachers promote problem Negro children to get rid of the problems.

The Ford Foundation's achievement, in its major financing of the center, included establishing a base for dozens of officials and social workers and social scientists in pursuit of problems. "We are like a zoo which all these professionals come to visit," Earl said. "They go back to their middle-class settings and tell their friends, 'I know the Negro.'" One hill housewife said, contemptuously: "I have put a dozen young people through graduate school." Napper (himself a social scientist from the University of California) said: "The university people have studied the hell out of us. They even come down from the state of Washington to study us. They come by the hundreds. They don't work with us—they write books about us." Napper, unlike most students of the hill, lived there for three years.

This weariness with visitations from professionals who were paid to help and understand, found a brilliant expression last May in a *Spokesman* editorial:

> In these challenging times of social reform within a society bent on automation and specialization, a new kind of expert has bloomed; he is the Negro specialist.
>
> In most cases the Negro specialist is a white man with liberal ideas, who has spent time in Negro communities; and in some cases he is a Negro college graduate in the social sciences with white middle class attitudes. Whatever the case, the specialist gets an exorbitant fee for supposedly helping the Negro to help himself. . . .
>
> The white man can become a Negro specialist by associating with Negroes, or by living in a Negro community for a short period. He is considered a specialist once he learns how to "jerk," eats some chitterlings, or has a few Negroes as his "best friends"; or he writes a thesis on the Negro and participates in some community organization in Negro communities. With these contacts and experiences he is recognized by his white brothers as knowing more about the Negro than the Negro knows himself. . . .
>
> Negro communities are like time bombs, and every minute of unrest is another tick toward the zero hour. The job of the Negro specialist is to remove the pin from this time bomb. . . . It is obvious to Negroes that when a white man arrives in their community asking questions, snooping around at various meetings, and wearing a forged smile, that he has been sent to gather information, and if not obvious, it certainly raises this suspicion. . . .
>
> All Negro communities are not the same. The circumstances in each community will dictate the means necessary in organization and rehabilitation. And the persons most knowledgeable of the circumstances are the residents who have worked with these circumstances and lived with them.

The Office of Economic Opportunity, which is the latest benefactor to arrive on the scene, comes closer to meeting the formula outlined by *The Spokesman*. No white man whatsoever is being imposed on the hill residents in their own drive to organize themselves. The federal anti-poverty program there, in fact, does not even make use of black-skinned "Negro specialists," except in minor roles as technicians. (For example, Gene Orro, a psychologist who lives in a genial suburb in the redwood country, San Anselmo, and commutes to Hunters Point in his MG roadster, is tolerated on the anti-poverty staff for his professional know-how. He holds no position that would give him dominance in policy making.)

Hunters Point won its control over the federal anti-poverty funds along with three other San Francisco poor districts early last year. The movement to give the residents control was tenaciously opposed by Mayor Shelley, who was elected with strong support from organized labor and the city's minority-group organizations. (San Francisco has been for decades "a labor town." It still is: and in 1966 that means it also stands for racial discrimination by certain craft unions. It took the rioting of September 27-28 to compel the Mayor into an unequivocal public condemnation of such trade union practices.) Shelley lost this battle, and the Economic Opportunity council established four local boards which had almost total powers to design, control and operate the four anti-poverty programs.

Hunters Point abuts the somewhat less impoverished Bayview district lying on flat terrain just to the west. An anti-poverty program for both districts is conducted by one OEO board, which spent $494,000 in federal funds during the first eleven months of its operation (up to October 1). The salaries range from $170 a month for youth aides (at half-time) to $1,000 a month for the director, John Dukes. The staff now consists of seventy-eight men and women, all but one of them Negro (the white man is an Episcopal lay priest who lives on the hill).

Before the OEO program got under way in November, 1965, the Hunters Point-Bayview area had so little status it could get no official help for its tiny community center, and was totally dependent on donations and volunteer time from the women leaders who kept it going for several

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years in a bungalow. "The United Bay Crusade constantly refused the funds," said the center's director, Harold B. Brooks. "They said we had not shown an ability to handle money—a ridiculous statement, because we had had no experience in handling funds." The OEO board and its first director, George Napper, decided the foremost need was to organize people. "Community aides" were given priority assignments to knock on doors, to arouse the residents from an almost pathological apathy. The aides and new-won volunteers formed thirteen block clubs, and three district OEO offices were opened on the hill as combination community centers and liaison offices with the OEO city-wide network—and the various agencies and powerful persons downtown. Concrete results were immediate: sometimes jobs, sometimes solutions to old problems —like getting the Housing Authority to clean out the rats and cockroaches from the twenty-five-year-old-buildings.

Thus a significant new political force emerged in San Francisco, underwritten by federal money. Mayor Shelley was not unaware of this challenge to his power when, last May, he called for firm City Hall controls over the San Francisco anti-poverty program. His stand provoked a page-1 story in *The Spokesman* which attacked the Mayor's "anxiety over the program's creating a political organization," and asked "just what in the first place is wrong with the poor having a political voice?"

The voiceless hill has found a voice. Community meetings are held almost every night. Delegations are regularly calling on City Hall officials and monitoring commission meetings. This is a strong and permanent voice that probably will grow louder in the coming months and years in downtown San Francisco and in Sacramento. This voice, and other new voices like it, probably will be heard in Washington.

TV OVERSEAS

THE U. S. HARD SELL

HERBERT I. SCHILLER

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The character and structure of American broadcasting are well-explored features of the domestic landscape. Less well known is the readiness with which a large and growing part of the world community has succumbed to the United States style, and how these developments have been engineered is a story of relatively current vintage.

In the pre-television era, the United States stood alone among advanced industrialized nations in having its radio broadcasting unabashedly commercial. Nowhere else did advertisers pay the bill and direct the destinies of the medium so completely. State broadcasting authorities were the rule in Europe, and the American arrangement was the exception.

With the advent of television, but not because of it, many national broadcasting structures adopted one or another variant of the American pattern. Wilson P. Dizard, author of *Television: A World View*, has written about this shift:

> Television has developed primarily as a commercial medium. This was to be expected in the United States and a few other countries, notably in Latin America, where broadcasting was traditionally a private venture. Elsewhere, however, broadcasting was a state monopoly without commercial connections. Theoretically, television should have followed in the established pattern; significantly it did not. . . . At present, television systems in over fifty countries are controlled, in whole or in part, by private interests under state supervision. Commercial advertising is carried by all but a handful of the world's ninety-five television systems.

For the new countries the emerging pattern is the same. Dizard notes "the virtual domination of local television in developing nations by commercial interest." UNESCO reports the same finding. Even strong, industrialized nations have been forced to modify their long-time, stabilized broadcasting services and accept commercial operations. Britain yielded in 1954; France is now teetering on the edge.

What has powered this almost universal push toward commercialization? Its advocates reply that commercial broadcasting is the most satisfactory method of meeting the financial and programmatic needs of the new media. Dizard, for instance, asserts: "The change [to commercialization] confirmed the effectiveness of American-style broadcasting both as a revenue producer and as a highly acceptable form of entertainment and persuasion."

The revenue-producing capabilities of commercial broadcasting cannot be disputed; the acceptability of the entertainment it offers is a matter that I shall go into in a moment. But neither reason faintly suggests the real force in operation. *Nothing less than the viability of the American industrial economy itself is involved in the movement toward international commercialization of broadcasting.*

The continuing and pressing requirements of United States manufacturers to reach annually higher output levels in order to sustain and increase profit margins activate the process that is relentlessly enveloping electronic (and other) communications in a sheath of commercialization. What happens is a continuing interaction. The direct intrusion of American influence catalyzes developments in the affected nations. Also, those countries with similar industrial structures and organization themselves feel corresponding, if at first weaker, impulses in the same direction.

Evidence of the international explosive thrust in private enterprise's market requirements can be found in the trade press. *Television Magazine*, for instance, describes the interconnections between the advertising, manufacturing and broadcasting industries (italics added):

> About 1959 a gentle curve representing the expansion of American advertising agencies overseas started an abrupt

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climb which hasn't yet levelled off. . . . The growth of television abroad had something to do with this upsurge, since the head-start American agencies had in dealing with the medium commercially has given them a highly exportable knowhow. But television wasn't the prime mover. *That role belongs to the client: The American consumer goods industry.*

The magazine explained this process with a simple illustration:

> Take a giant corporation like Procter and Gamble with sales over $2 billion a year. Its position on the open market is based partly on the corporation's growth rate. But to add, say, 10% in sales each year becomes increasingly difficult when already over the two billion mark. *Where do you find that additional $200 million? The answer, for more and more American corporations, is overseas.*

American companies have been crossing the oceans regularly, either through direct acquisition or new plant expansion or leasing arrangements or combinations thereof. United States private direct investments in manufacturing abroad have spurted in the twenty years beginning in 1943 from $2,276 million to $16,861 million. In Western Europe alone, manufacturing investments increased from $879 million to $6,547 million in the period. To assist in marketing the output of these expanding foreign facilities, U.S. advertising agencies have been accompanying the industrial plants overseas. McCann-Erickson has seventy offices employing 4,619 persons in thirty-seven countries. J. Walter Thompson, "the granddaddy of international operations," employs 1,110 people in its key London office alone. There are twenty-one American-associated ad agencies in England, twenty in West Germany, twelve in France. In Latin America, Brazil has fifteen American ad agencies and there are more U.S. agencies in Canada than in any other foreign nation. Even the developing world has begun to be penetrated. "Three enterprising U.S. agencies have tackled the huge market of India . . . [and] Africa, too, may be part of a future wave of agency expansion overseas," according to *Television.*

Once the privately directed manufacturing enterprises have begun their goods production, all energies are concentrated on securing the public's ever-widening acceptance of the outpouring commodity streams. The insistence of powerful American sellers, temporarily allied with their local counterparts, on obtaining advertising outlets abroad is overwhelming state broadcasting authorities, one after another. The successful campaign to introduce commercial television in England was largely a matter of industry admen manipulating complex political wires. Gerald Beadle, the former director of B.B.C. television, explained with some understatement what happened in Britain:

> . . . there was an unusually strong demand from large sections of British industry in the early nineteen fifties for more opportunities for advertising their goods. Wartime restrictions, especially on paper, had only recently been lifted, and a real boom in consumer goods was developing, but industry felt that there were insufficient opportunities for telling the public about the large range of new goods which were becoming available. Television was obviously an excellent medium for this, and industry was not averse to harnessing the television horse to the industrial chariot.

What is emerging on the international scene bears a striking resemblance to the American routine of uncoordinated expansion of production, promotion of the output through the communications media, higher sales, further plant expansion, and then the cycle's repetition. American society's dissatisfied individual who seeks release in consumption is appearing throughout the expanding orbit of the international free market. According to Erich Fromm, "Twentieth century industrialism has created this new psychological type, *homo consumens,* primarily for economic reasons, i.e., the need for mass consumption which is stimulated and manipulated by advertising. But the character type, once created, also influences the economy and makes the principles of ever-increasing satisfaction appear rational and realistic. Contemporary man, thus, has an unlimited hunger for more and more consumption."

The man in the market economy has become a message receiver beyond all imagination. Bombarded in the United States by an estimated 1,500 advertising messages a day, these "contemporary men" are multiplying rapidly in the North Atlantic community, and are beginning to be discovered as well in Africa, Latin America and Asia. In 1964, private enterprise spent $21 billion for advertising in fourteen industrial countries, two-thirds of the amount being spent in the United States. Financing much of this staggering budget for global commercial message-making are the multi-national corporations whose plants and service installations are spread over several countries. (See table.)

Wherever these "big spenders" penetrate, broadcasting is subverted to salesmanship. It is not only a matter of the ubiquitous, jarring commercial. The entire content that illuminates the home screen is fitted to the marketeer's order. "TV is not an art form or a culture channel; it is an advertising medium," writes Daniel Karp in *The New York Times Magazine.* Therefore, " . . . it seems a bit churlish and un-American of people who watch television to complain that their shows are so lousy. They are not *supposed* to be any good. They are supposed to make money . . . [and] in fact, 'quality' may be not merely irrelevant but a distraction."

As of now, the situation of radio-television in the United States is the extreme case. In Western Europe, the tradition that state broadcasting authorities exercise some social responsibility has not yet been demolished. But the striving of the consumer goods producers to gain the attention of large audiences is unrelenting, and as Fromm

Table I — Advertising Expenditures of U.S. Companies, 1964

	million
1. Procter and Gamble	$147.8
2. General Motors	137.5
3. Ford Motors	80.6
4. General Foods	74.8
5. Bristol-Myers	74.7
6. R. J. Reynolds Tobacco	68.8
7. Colgate-Palmolive	66.7
8. American Home Products	65.4
9. Chrysler	64.3
10. Lever Brothers (British-owned)	61.4

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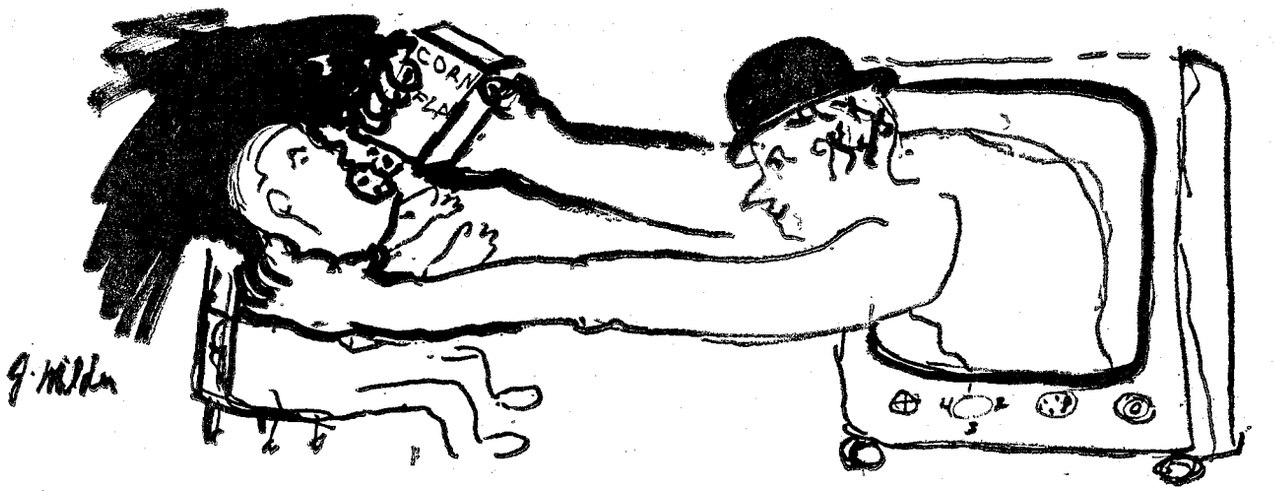

observes, once the contact is made, the audience itself searches out further stimuli.

If commercials are still controlled and compressed into special slices of the viewing time in some national systems abroad, the shows themselves often follow the dictates, directly or indirectly, of their sponsors. Certainly, that is the case with the popular and widely shown American productions where the advertising agency may have sat in at each stage of a script's development.

A.B.C., N.B.C. and C.B.S. send their packaged programming to all continents, charging what the freight will bear. In low-income areas in Africa and Asia, old U.S. films and shows are dumped at low prices to secure a foothold in emerging markets, regardless of the relevance or appropriateness of the "entertainment."

In Western Europe, the most stable noncommercial broadcasting structures of sovereign states are unable to resist the forces that are arrayed against them. Here from *Television* is one description of how "commercials" break through national boundaries, especially in the geographically compact North Atlantic region:

> Of course, the continued expansion of commercial television, despite powerful opposition, is playing a major role in making unity of diversity. Although many important countries, particularly in Europe, still forbid TV advertising, there is a certain "spillover" effect that tends to spread commercials even to those countries that originally were adamant. Only this year did the 11-year-old government-controlled Swiss TV service permit commercials on its three regional networks. The move was in large part prompted by the concern of Swiss manufacturers who knew their customers were viewing Italian and German TV across the border. The same process is expected to unfold in the Netherlands, a large part of which is also open to German programming and advertising messages. If Netherlands TV goes commercial, then Belgium is expected to follow shortly thereafter. Then France and Scandinavia will be the last big holdouts. . . . If French television goes commercial, an executive at J. Walter Thompson remarks, then there truly will be a common market for the TV advertiser.

If "legitimate" infiltration and demolition of noncommercial state systems of broadcasting is inapplicable for one reason or another, less sophisticated techniques are available. The pirate radio stations located off the coast of England, and some even in the Thames estuary, completely disregard international frequency allocation agreements. They broadcast Pop music interlaced with commercials to European and English audiences who are apparently hungering for the entertainment and not at all displeased with the accompanying consumer messages. Though the pirates are small-scale broadcasters at the moment, large-scale interests stand behind them. Until the government actively intervened, both the Institute of Practitioners in Advertising and the Incorporated Society of British Advertisers lent indirect support to the pirates. A director of the ISBA has stated: "We recognize they fulfill a need. We would be happier, though, if they were on-shore and permanent."

Reacting to an impending governmental regulatory bill, one of the pirates, Radio London, commented: "We expect to get sufficient advertising from overseas to enable us to continue. We have four million overseas listeners, *and much of our revenue is from international companies who would not be affected by British legislation.*" (Italics added.)

Having secured control of communications across a good part of the earth's surface, commerce has now turned its attention to conquering space. At the White House Conference on International Cooperation last winter, the National Citizens Commission's Committee on Space (whose chairman incidentally was Dr. Joseph Charyk, the president of Comsat), listed as the *first* application of communications satellites their future impact on "trade and commerce." The committee's report stated: "It is possible to foresee use of closed circuit television by major companies doing a worldwide business to link together their offices and affiliates in order to kick off a new sales campaign or to demonstrate a new product or to analyze a new marketing situation in the far corners of the world."

Similar sentiment exists in other influential places. The London *Economist* views communications satellites as the chosen business medium of the future. Deploring the British Government's reluctance to participate more actively in ELDO (European Launcher Development Organization), the Europeans' sole hope of matching American communications technological advances, the magazine commented: "But is there only an American or a Russian or a Chinese way of life to be propagated around the world? Will Britain (and Europe) even be able to sell its goods around the world if it cuts itself out of the *advertising medium of the 1970s*?" (Italics added.)

An even better indication of how communications satellites are to be used can be seen in the attitudes of two re-

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cent conferences concerned with the space systems. In December, 1965, UNESCO assembled representatives from nineteen member states and other interested international organizations to consider the possible use of space satellites for informational and cultural purposes. A few months later, at the 18th World Congress of the Advertising Association in Mexico City, Worldvision, a network including sixty-two television stations in twenty-five countries, organized by the American Broadcasting Company's international subsidiary, A.B.C. International, ran a three-day workship demonstrating how "international advertisers could use TV right now." In the words of Donald W. Coyle, president of A.B.C. International, "Global television is not something that we are going to have to wait for a far-off future to implement. It is upon us now."

The contrast in the two approaches is depressing: UNESCO's vision is of international control of communications satellites for cultural use *in the future*. Worldvision's program for the commercial use of space *has already begun*.

It is a mistake to view these developments as evidence of an international cabal seeking the global commercialization of communications. The forces are openly at work and the success of "consumerism" rests on a varied mix of human and institutional pressures which are at present very powerful. "Both a consumer oriented economy and commercial television seem to have things going for them at this moment of history in a good part of the globe," is the way *Television* puts it.

Western Europe has relied on the existence of national traditions of propriety unobserved in the United States and even on some limitation on American programing to hold back the flood of commercialization. Canada and Great Britain have both tried, not too successfully, to keep the proportion of American to domestic shows within certain limits. But attempts to exclude United States programing and to limit the number and length of national commercials are unlikely to be effective in any one country, no matter how influential that society may be in its own region. The subject matter that is denied local transmission is broadcast from neighboring states, with transmitters sometimes deliberately established for this purpose. Then, too, the business system in Western Europe, Canada, Japan and Australia supports the general principle of commercialization and throws its weight behind an advance of salesmanship.

As for the universe of the global poor, the have-not nations stand practically defenseless before a rampaging Western commercialism. Impoverished as they are, many developing states are able to afford the new communications systems only by accepting commercial packages which "tie" their broadcasting systems to foreign programing and foreign financial sponsorship. In this way their paths of economic development are set, regardless of the intentions and designs of their planners, by the pull of market-directed consumerism. Expectations of new roads to national development which *might* foster motivations and behavior different from contemporary Western styles are being dashed in their infancy.

The gloomy and bitter words of Japanese economist, Shigeto Tsuru, seem to apply everywhere in the wake of Western market enterprise's electronic communications offensive: "In this world of high-powered communications we may even have to speak of a new kind of 'self-alienation' for citizens living under capitalism. If there were a society on this earth somewhere which would make full use of the highly developed techniques of communication of today for the sole purpose of its inhabitants' autonomous cultural needs, it would be an experience of a lifetime for us to visit there—for us who daily, even hourly, cannot escape from the onslaught, either subtle or crude, of modern commercialism in a capitalist society."

LETTERS *(continued from page 594)*

of McCarthyism." Who could guess from this nonsense that it contains an extended attack on the Smith committee for leading a witch hunt against the National Labor Relations Board in 1939 and 1940 in behalf of businessmen, Republicans and Southern Democrats? Or that it provides a detailed account of McCarthy's chicanery in the Tydings committee inquiry in 1950? Or that there are two long chapters on China before the Second World War in order to lay a basis for accurately criticizing the McCarran committee investigation of the Institute of Pacific Relations? Or that 20 pages give a close reading to the final report of that committee that shows it to be insubstantial and tendentious? Or that it condemns McCarthy's witch hunt through the Voice of America and the overseas libraries? Except for a recital of some of these matters in a laundry list of contents at the beginning of the review, there is no mention of them thereafter. . . .

I am charged with having written a text without using the letter "e," which may be as bad as the pretense that the left thumb is a portrait of the sitter, and that I have substituted something distasteful for the "traditional emphasis on political institutions and their normative roles." At least 43 pages of the book deal specifically with political institutions and their normative roles, with special emphasis on the separation of powers of the federal government and the system of checks and balances. The treatment is analytical, and it shows how the use of prescriptive publicity by Congressional investigating committees was in fact an encroachment upon the roles assigned by law and custom to the Executive and the Judiciary. There is a presumptuous offer in paragraph 11 of the review to "translate from this academese" but readers of the book will understand it easily in the original. *Earl Latham*

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Dr. Latham's innuendo about my left thumb and clenched fist—an artful variation on a theme which so badly mars his book—prompts only the assertion that I *never* clench my fist when my thumb sits for its portrait. . . . Although my evaluation was the product of careful study of the book as a whole (against a background of almost twenty years of professional experience with the subject) . . . I have reread the portions of the book to which Dr. Latham's letter calls attention, as well as my 120 pages of notes. I find no reason to alter my views or to qualify my conclusion that the book, taken as a whole, is an apology for the Congressional anti-subversive exposure system. My review did not claim that Dr. Latham approved *all* of the anti-subversive probes or agreed with their factual conclusions. That is not the issue—and even here, Dr. Latham's text is somewhat more ambiguous than his letter indicates. Dr. Latham shifts the ground of our differences when he poses the issue in this way. What I did say is that his book develops an approving rationale for anti-subversive exposure as a Congressional institution. I still say so. *Frank J. Donner*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Improvisation Bit

JULIUS NOVICK
Mr. Novick recently completed a survey of the American National Theatre for The Nation, *based on a Ford Foundation grant.*

The ordinary resident professional theatre is an import agency: its primary purpose is to disseminate in Hartford, Memphis or Seattle the international theatrical culture of New York, London and Paris. This is useful work; if Shakespeare, Shaw and Chekhov still have meaning in 1966, which I ardently believe, then bringing them to a national audience is important. The fact remains, however, that when we ask what original creative contributions the resident professional theatre has made to national or international theatrical culture, we are answered by an embarrassed silence.

There are, however, a few centers of genuine theatrical creativity out there in the country. They are resident and they are professional and they are theatres, but they are not resident professional theatres in the customary sense: they sell no subscription tickets, they conduct no fund drives, the Ford Foundation does nothing for them, they are not about to move into million-dollar buildings in civic arts centers downtown. Yet they have exported not only talented performers but whole productions, not only whole productions but a new—or at least a renewed—way of making theatre, to the metropolises. They are the improvisational theatres, modern American exponents of the Aristophanic art of the satiric cabaret.

The Committee, which opened in San Francisco in 1963, has played an engagement on Broadway, and covered the 1964 nominating conventions for National Educational Television. The Premise (now deceased), which began in St. Louis, sent companies to Washington, New York and London. (The London company got into trouble with the Lord Chamberlain, since improvised material can obviously not be censored beforehand.) But the great fountainhead of the improvisational movement was the short-lived Compass Players company in Chicago. From it came Mike Nichols, Elaine May and Shelley Berman; from its direct successor, the Second City—still flourishing in Chicago—came Barbara Harris, Alan Arkin and several other remarkable performers now working in New York and elsewhere. Second City companies have appeared on Broadway, in a large New York cabaret (for three years), in London (twice), on television, and on tour all over the American map, while other Second City companies held the fort in Chicago.

Paradoxically, perhaps, in view of their wide success, what distinguishes the Second City and The Committee on their home grounds is that their work seems aimed at a very particular audience, one that shares the assumptions and predilections of the performer-creators. This kind of theatre is of, by and for well-educated, urban young people, irreverent as a matter of course toward all authority, with no objections to what are still sometimes called obscenity and blasphemy (probably the only word that can still really shock them is "nigger")—people, finally, for whom leftist political assumptions are part of the air they breathe.

"But Job worshiped God," says a Second City performer, "with a fervor bordering upon stupidity." "There is a rumor," says a Committee member, "that J. Edgar Hoover is immortal." Both Second City and The Committee have had sketches in which the blackout line was a four-letter word. Both have had race-relations sketches in which white liberals are raked over the coals. The Second City sketch shows a couple of professed liberals driving through a Negro neighborhood in Chicago, and getting scared. "Black as a forest out there," says one. "You hear drums?" (Laughter: an audience laughing at itself.) At The Committee, a white girl and a Negro man shake hands. "It's just like on the Snick button," she says. Not a very funny joke to someone who has never seen a Snick button, and incomprehensible to anyone unaware that "Snick" is what the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee is called by its friends. Both groups, again, have sketches sympathetic to young men who don't want to be drafted. "Don't let 'em take your mind," says one draftee to another in the Second City sketch; it is something a lot of intelligent draftees, proud of their free-mindedness, must have thought as the army tried to mold them into gung-ho soldiers.

The regular resident theatres are highly eclectic, and that is a good thing in its way. But the result is a certain loss of personality. It is refreshing to discover theatres that (like the Berliner Ensemble, so they tell me) stand for one particular kind of theatre, one particular way of looking at life that they share with their audiences. At their best, the resident theatres deal, sometimes profoundly, with the important concerns of Western man; but too often their work seems to have little relevance to the lives of their audiences. The improvisational theatres are seldom profound, but they deal particularly with the here and now, with what it is like to be a well-educated, middle-class young person in Chicago or San Francisco at the time of the Great Society.

The Committee has a sketch about two housewives smoking marijuana (while doing their laundry, if I remember correctly). It is not a very funny sketch, but who else has even tried to reflect on-stage the possibility of pot smoking as a part of respectable everyday life—a possibility that is just around the corner, especially in the San Francisco area. When Committee members ask the audience to suggest themes for improvisations, they get replies like "God is alive in Argentina," "Nietzsche is dead," "Pervert," "Vietnam," "The morning after LSD." Spectators and performers are on the same wave length.

Most of the evening at Second City or The Committee is taken up by revue sketches, quite conventional in form. But instead of making a point in order to make you laugh (like the ordinary revue sketch), they tend to make you laugh in order to make a point. They are often rambling and overlong; sometimes they just do not come off; but on the whole they are distinguished for their intelligence and cogency (and for the quietness with which they are performed: no frenzied mugging, no fright wigs, no funny hats). The improvisational cabaret theatres have been largely responsible for an increased national interest in intelligent satire.

But where does the improvisation come in? Do the actors make it all up as they go along? No. The material is invented by the performers, but most of what the audience sees at most performances has been conceived and developed in rehearsal, under the leadership of a director. It was improvised once, and perhaps it changes from show to show, but by the time you see it, it has usually been well rehearsed.

Some of it, indeed, may be made up on the spot. Before the intermission, the

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actors often solicit suggestions from the audience for topics on which to improvise. The thought is that the actors will come back from the intermission with ideas for a handful of fire-new routines never tried before. It is a stunt, in a sense: the audience watches the improvising actors to see if they will make fools of themselves, as an audience in a circus watches a trapeze artist to see if he will fall. Can they *really* work up a sketch about Vietnam, perverts, or the death of God in ten minutes? In many cases, of course, they don't have to. Tonight's audience is very unlikely to be the first ever to be interested in Vietnam, perverts and the death of God.

Thus for the most part what the improvisational theatres set before their audiences are revue sketches, not profoundly different in form from what has been turned out in the past by sit-down writers. And, as an art form, the revue sketch has its limitations. But the leaders of the improvisational theatre movement believe that improvisation can do far more than produce revue sketches; they believe that it can have profound and far-reaching effects on the theatre as a whole, and on life beyond the theatre. Both the Second City and The Committee happened to be doing fairly conventional work on the occasions of my recent visits, and I am sure they do a considerable amount of conventional work even when I am not around, but the directors of both groups have done, and are continuing to do, a good deal of promising experimentation. The movement began with high ideals and, with some drooping of the flag here and there, has maintained them.

The guru, more or less, of the movement is a stocky Chicagoan named Paul Sills. (Sills's mother, Viola Spolin, wrote the standard text on the subject, which is used in schools and colleges all over the country.) Sills has founded four theatres, all of them in Chicago. The first of the four grew out of his work at the University of Chicago, and devoted itself to what are now the standard resident-theatre authors: Brecht, Shakespeare, Chekhov, Shaw. After twenty-five productions in two years, this early venture closed down and was succeeded by the famous Compass, the first professional improvisational theatre in this country.

David Shepherd, Sills's partner in the Compass, wanted a working-class theatre, "a theatre for Gary, Indiana," but Sills dismisses this as "sentimental." According to Sills, the Compass provided theatre that was "improvised from within the very middle of the community,"* but the community was Hyde Park, the University of Chicago neighborhood. Compass was "in the neighborhood, of the neighborhood, of the moment": a new two-hour show every week. But urban renewal pushed it out of Hyde Park, and it moved to quarters on the North Side. Here it lost its community roots: "more people from different sections were coming to see it, but fewer of them from each. It had no real base and so consequently it held because of its brilliance."* It grew, that is, more proficient and less close to its sources: a familiar evolution in American life. It folded in 1956; three years later, Sills, Bernard Sahlins and Howard Alk started Second City, "and it made it like crazy."

Second City remains essentially a purveyor of topical revue, and this does not satisfy Paul Sills. "Topical revue material," he says, "is nonsense."* And "Second City is a failure. . . . All these things are failures in terms of real organic theatre." But he feels that conventional resident theatres are worse failures: "No amount of pumping big civic repertory theatres into a town is going to make any difference in the cultural level of a town. . . . So-called intellectual theatre will not and cannot work."

"The theatre," he says, "is out to confirm the fact that there is meaning in the world." But meaning to him is "not cognitive. It's not known in the head. It's known all through you. It's Jewish knowing. It's body knowing." The basis of his theatrical method, the primary means he uses to attain meaning, is play, is playing together, as children do in games. "Playing is a communion. . . . Play is freedom. Play is also mutual. You can't play alone." When preparing a show he gives his actors games, and tries to get them to play instead of merely to "perform." "I fought my ass off to get them to see each other and play with each other on-stage."

Sills believes in a theatre that is connected to the larger community, and yet is a community itself. The Compass and the Second City broke through, he thinks, "because at a certain time they [the performers] were more interested in each other than they were in success. This is what it is to have a company . . . it's a brotherhood, a union, a guild." But professional actors are not noted for self-abnegation; they tend to resist playing together. And if they are talented, as many have been at Second City, the brotherhood tends to get broken up by offers from David Merrick or Hollywood. Sills maintains, moreover, that "culture is something that is created by the people themselves, not something they get fed in through the ear." This is essentially an indictment of the conventional theatre, but it may stand as an indictment of Second City too.

And so, while continuing to do a show a year for Second City, Sills founded the Forty-Third Ward Game Theatre to make experiments in playing together with a group of amateurs from the neighborhood. This fall, Second City and the Game Theatre were united in a new school and repertory theatre. According to *Variety*, the new body, a nonprofit organization, will be kept separate from the cabaret, which will continue to be a commercial venture. The Center has a $34,000 grant from the Community Arts Foundation for "research on the application of theatre games in education and in the theatre." (There will also be a children's theatre and experimental film-making activities.) The games, Sills says, will be used "as a training method which points toward the personal decision each actor must make if he is to become an artist."

Alan Myerson, the director of The Committee in San Francisco, is a disciple, within limits, of Viola Spolin and Paul Sills. He was not always an improviser; at one time he was going to UCLA with intent to become a lawyer, but then he began making new friends. Influenced by his roommate, "a junkie who opened my eyes to a lot of stuff," he quit UCLA and went to New York to be a writer. After various trials, he went to work for Second City, and at different times directed both the Chicago and the New York company. He quit Second City to go to the West Coast to meet his in-laws, and decided that San Francisco would be a good place for an improvisational cabaret theatre. The Committee opened in April, 1963, and has been going ever since.

Paul Sills is interested in improvisation as an end in itself; for him, the medium seems to be the message. For Myerson and The Committee, on the other hand, the message seems to be the message. The Committee is much more urgently interested in political satire than Second City is. "Our philosophic position politically," says Myerson,

> is that the society we live in stinks. And we are constantly frustrated by the jarring fact that commenting on the unhappiness that exists is not terribly relevant to any change. We have often performed for benefits of a political nature for groups like SNCC, CORE, the Vietnam Day Committee, and have often participated in their activities following our performances.

Last year the entire company joined a sit-in at the Federal Building in San Francisco that was intended to induce President Johnson to send troops to Selma, Ala. More recently, The Committee

*From "The Celebratory Occasion," an interview with Paul Sills by Charles L. Mee, Jr., in the *Tulane Drama Review*, Winter, 1964. All unfootnoted quotations from Mr. Sills are from my own interview with him, or from his letter to me.

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busied itself collecting war toys to drop on the Pentagon. Myerson wants to develop a group that will be part of a larger community; political activity, for The Committee, seems to be the central means to that end.

Myerson puts down conventional theatre for lack of "penetration to the audience. . . . The audience is never permitted to make a choice." "The theatre," he says, "ought to be a gigantic discothèque at which everybody does some dancing at one time or another." He is interested in involving the audience, in making them *do* something, and within The Committee's cabaret-show framework he has been conducting experiments toward that end.

Some nights an actor would come out and begin to discuss Vietnam with the audience. He would ask the hawks in the house to holler, then the doves, until the building rocked. Some nights the actors would sit down at the tables with the audience and talk with them about things both audience and actors found disturbing. Then, using material that came out of these discussions, they would improvise a "fear-guilt-and-impotence collage." Sometimes an actor would break character at a sensitive point and leave the stage saying, "I can't handle this; I can't take this," and the audience was left to wonder whether it was watching acting or an irruption of real life.

Now Myerson and his group are planning to transcend the cabaret-show format altogether. Last spring Myerson recruited an entirely new group to carry on the revue at Committee headquarters, allowing the old company (which had been at it, with a few changes of personnel, for three years) to turn its attention to a new project. Since June the members of the old company have been living on unemployment checks and writing plays. "We have regular irregular company meetings," Myerson reports, "in which anybody who wants to, reads whatever he thinks the rest of the group could be helpful with." The group provides applause, criticism and sometimes "the actual improvisation of scenes from the scenario or from what the playwright-actor presents to us. The writer then takes any or all of this material and uses it . . . as he sees fit." When the company finds a building for the new theatre it is planning, it will have an original repertory all prepared.

The improvisational movement has so far produced no single work of any consequence, but it has had, and will continue to have, a significant influence on the theatre at large. "Our theatrical philosophy," Myerson says, "probably depends upon the whole concept of involvement: on the stage between the actors, off the stage in the audience, and direct confrontation between actors and audience." A number of signs—the resurgence of "happenings," for instance, and the tremendous success of *Marat/Sade*—indicate that we are ready and eager for a redefinition of the relationship between actors and audience. Alan Myerson and Paul Sills should be able to help.

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No David in Sight

DAVID: The Biography of a King. *By Juan Bosch. Translated by John Marks. Hawthorn Books. 224 pp. 4.95.*

KAL WAGENHEIM

Mr. Wagenheim is editor of the monthly San Juan Review. *He has lived in Puerto Rico and covered Caribbean affairs for the past six years.*

A biography about the King of Judah by the ex-President of a Catholic, Spanish-speaking republic in the Caribbean has a touch of the exotic for the North American sensibility. It will certainly cause a strange alliance of readers: students of the Bible and those of Caribbean politics.

For Bosch's biography of David (published in Spanish in 1963 and written before he became President) reveals probably as much about him as it does about the Israeli king whom he admires so effusively. It has the same type of appeal, to a lesser magnitude to be sure, as would a word portrait of Washington by de Gaulle.

But unlike some politicians who write, and some writers who politicize, Juan Bosch has full-time credentials in both fields. Living half his life in exile from the Trujillo-dominated Dominican Republic, Bosch helped found the *Partido Revolucionario Dominicano,* and though he was defeated for re-election to the Presidency which he lost via military coup, he remains a key figure in Dominican politics. His literary accomplishments include a study of Judas, biographies of Simón Bolívar and José Martí and numerous other fiction and nonfiction works, some of which are standard texts in Latin American schools. He is an engaging storyteller, and in using the Bible's rich source of drama he has a great story to tell.

"Our Lord chose to be called the Son of David," Bosch writes, explaining why he, a Christian, was moved to write the book. But more compelling, one suspects, was his curiosity as a writer and political scientist as to what makes a great leader. For at the time of the book's preparation, Bosch was making ready to enter his country's politics. And though it is not explicit in the text, one senses that Bosch was searching for applicable wisdom in the life story of a man who transformed Israel from a scattered pastoral community, prey to foreign domination and internal squabbling, into a powerful, prosperous nation.

"There is no actual biography of the Israelite leader," Bosch writes, "or, if such a work exists, it is practically unknown." He partially explains why when he notes that "the Bible is the only historical source available . . . there is so much that is obscure and contradictory that no doubt authors who may have sought to discover the real David gave up in despair."

But despite the scarcity of reliable data, Bosch makes the attempt, and the result is a fascinating novelette-length work which contains a clearly labeled blend of chronologically arranged Biblical quotations and Bosch's speculations on the lacunas. Despite occasional repetition (the book seems to have been first published in serial form for each chapter begins

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with a "bridge" synopsizing the previous one), and despite Bosch's occasional moralizing, he has managed to convert David into a contemporary figure, chronicling all the intrigues and subtle maneuvers he employed to achieve and maintain power, vividly describing his moments of glory and failure.

In citing the obstacles to discovering "the real David," who is beclouded by 3,000 years of history, Bosch makes an arresting observation:

> It is usual for an extraordinary career to contain great flaws. . . . What surprises one in studying the life of David ben Jesse . . . is not the passionate nature of his errors, nor their magnitude, but the fact that ideas of right and wrong were sufficiently advanced at the time for the chroniclers of his story to gloss over certain of his actions which might harm the king's reputation.

What, then, was the man really like? The man who called himself "David ben Jesse, who started life as a shepherd and became a captain at arms and son-in-law of King Saul, later turned fugitive and bandit chief, and afterwards was an ally and vassal of the Philistines, then in turn King of Judah and of Israel, captor of Jerusalem and a conqueror of nations. . . ."

Bosch asks as many questions as he attempts to resolve, but his admittedly sketchy portrait is an appealingly human one: "a composite figure of exceptional worth . . . a genuinely great man who while capable of having one of his followers put to death in order to take his wife, could also overcome an opposing army, weep over the dead body of his son, and write a lyric poem of infinite tenderness. . . . He is a king yet remains humble, he governs his people without oppressing them; he is a sensualist who organizes a state, a warrior who does not love violence."

Along the way, Bosch seeks to puncture several myths, among them the duel between the boy David and the Philistine giant, Goliath of Gath, which he feels is "made up of assorted parts of other incidents . . . welded together by the arts of a vivid oriental imagination."

In commenting upon a seemingly disastrous reversal when the young David is banished by his jealous father-in-law, King Saul, Bosch—the political scientist—observes: "Seldom can a man's life be assessed in sections, and still more rarely the career of a public figure. The concepts of success and failure are relative; even at the summit of his power a politician may have already failed, just as in the midst of adversity he may be paving the way towards ultimate triumph."

And, again as a political scientist, Bosch admires the prophet Samuel, who was asked by the elders of Israel to choose a king and unite the tribes under a single leader. "Samuel," he says, "perhaps . . . wanted the throne for himself, but he appears to have been one of those rare statesmen who recognize their own limitations. . . . Without him (Samuel) David could not have existed. . . ."

Earlier this year, during the Dominican Presidential election campaign, Bosch evoked thunderous bravos from his countrymen when, in referring to the U.S. intervention in his country, he said: "We have been invaded by a Goliath, and like David—who used a sling to conquer the giant—we must use our intelligence to rid ourselves of our Goliath."

It seems clear that Bosch relates his troubled homeland to pre-David Israel, and when he describes Israel's oppressors ("the Philistines . . . a race with a social system superior to Israel's, and a strong military tradition") one need not stretch the allegory too far to make it contemporary. And, in his appreciation of Samuel's recognition of his own shortcomings, one perhaps has a clue to why Bosch withdrew without strongly contesting the questionable results of the June, 1966, elections ("this country is not ready for democracy," he said, in acknowledging his defeat).

Thus, Bosch, who once aspired to be the David of his country, has in midstream seemingly attempted to change his role to that of Samuel, the maker of kings. But Bosch's tragedy—indeed the tragedy of his country—is that there is no David in sight.

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THE YOKE AND THE STAR. *By Tana de Gámez. Bobbs-Merrill Co. 309 pp. $5.95.*

IDENTITY CARD. *By F. M. Esfandiary. Grove Press. 236 pp. $4.95.*

THE TIME OF THE HERO. *By Mario Vargas Llosa. Grove Press. 409 pp. $5.95.*

LEONARD KRIEGEL

Mr. Kriegel teaches English at the City College of New York and is currently working on a novel and on a study of politics and literature in contemporary America.

That these three novels lend themselves to analysis as political works is not to suggest that they cannot be read in any other way. Each of them seems to have been created as a "novel in which political ideas play a dominant role or in which the political milieu is the dominant setting." This definition of political fiction is taken from what is still the best book on the subject, Irving Howe's *Politics and the Novel.* And now that we seem to be approaching a point at which the relationship between politics and literature promises to become more overt, it is important to ask exactly how a novel can speak with a political voice while still maintaining the more usual tensions that its artistic success demands. For despite the efforts of Mr. Howe and others, a confusion still exists between the political and the didactic novel, especially among

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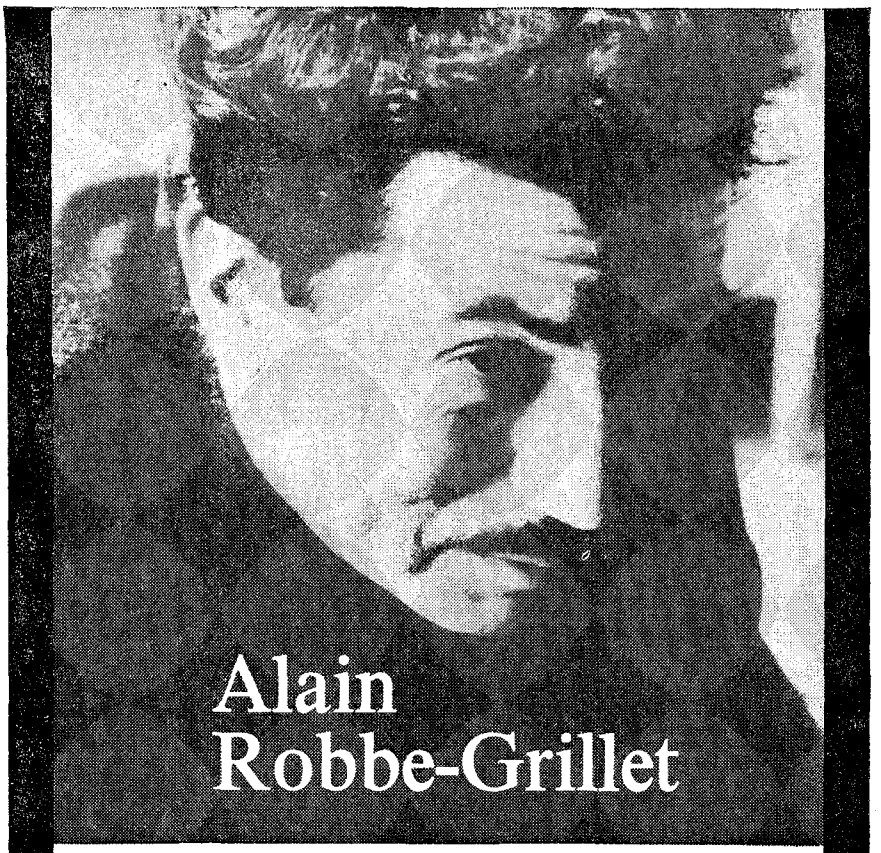
American critics who tend to suspect politics in a novel as an ideological intrusion on the province of art.

Perhaps we are particularly fortunate in having these three books to examine, since none of them is the work of an American writer (Miss de Gámez is evidently a naturalized American, but she is the least psychologically American of the three). What links them is that they are all products of that segment of world society which we Americans like to refer to with the euphemism "underdeveloped countries," and that they each evince in the reviewer—solely on the political level—a dual sense of guilt and hopelessness. This is not to say that Miss de Gámez's pre-Castro Cuba, the Iran of Mr. Esfandiary, or Mario Vargas Llosa's sullenly corrupted Peru are the pure products of America alone. But one of the virtues of the political novel is that it uses the private sensibility as a means of exploring a public world. And whether we want the role or not, Americans are increasingly being seen as the destroyers of other men's dreams. In the first two of the novels, we are asked to recognize ourselves; in the third, we are models for a hypocrisy that is almost total.

But a political novel, like any other, must first stand as a work of artistic consciousness. It cannot afford to trade reality for slogans. Unfortunately, Tana de Gámez's novel about Cuba under Batista contains all the faults that were so abundantly exhibited in so much American fiction of the 1930s—its drama frequently disintegrates into melodrama; its division of the world into good and evil has all the moral complexity of a Randolph Scott Western; it is incurably sentimental. In short, it is an exemplum of what a political novel should not be.

The story begins with the attack on Fort Moncado in Santiago in 1953. It ends with the invasion of Oriente Province in which Castro (here known as "the Doctor") and eleven others survive to reach the mountains and to launch the guerrilla war which was to conclude with the overthrow of the Batista regime. What happens between these two events is so divorced from any recognizable novelistic reality that the author must answer the charge of having unintentionally parodied what she set out to celebrate. For I find it difficult to believe that young people anywhere, even those in Mao's China, talk about the revolution while they passionately advance upon one another.

I do not mean to question the idealism, the ferocious hunger for freedom and independence, that went into the making of the revolution in Cuba. Nor do I mean that Miss de Gámez is not on the Lord's side. But she has the responsibility of taking a long look at what happens in heaven



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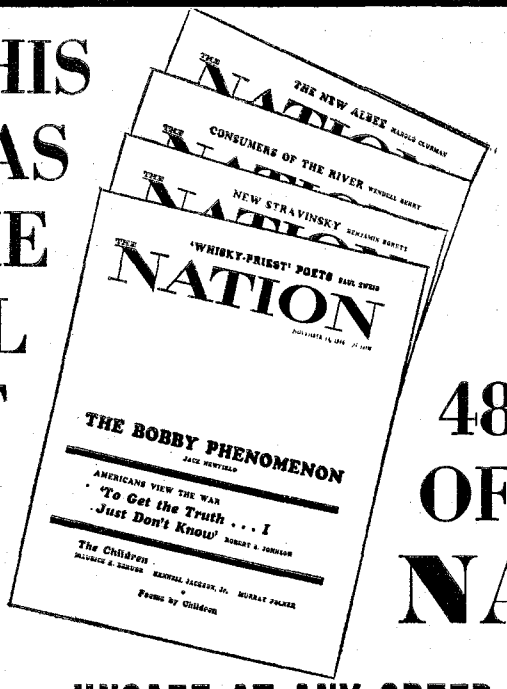

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while the Lord works His work. One of the lessons that the aftermath of the Cuban Revolution should have taught her is that our problem is not the lack of political alternatives but rather that the alternatives all seem to wind up heading in a single direction. It may be that to capture the inhumanity and corruption of Batista's Cuba is enough to legitimately ask of any novelist. But Miss de Gámez has chosen to ignore not the truth (which is certainly debatable) but the nature of Orwell's vision (which is not). Death, as Heraclitus wrote long ago, is everywhere, in the voices of *all* men.

F. M. Esfandiary, the author of *Identity Card,* is an Iranian who writes in English. A more accomplished novelist, he recognizes certain complexities that Miss de Gámez does not. But the problem with *Identity Card* is that it has been written too late, in a world that possesses Vietnam as a metaphor for the actual terror in its midst. In an attempt to replace his lost identity card, Daryoush Aryana, the Westernized Iranian intellectual who is the protagonist of the novel, is subjected to a Kafkaesque bureaucracy which seems remarkably commonplace—almost, one is tempted to write, "Edenically innocent."

The book opens with a sentence that must have been written as an intentional echo of the opening of Dostoevsky's *Notes from Underground*: "I am a confused man. I am a restless man. I don't know what I want." One wonders whether Mr. Esfandiary has not betrayed himself with this beginning. In some ways, to echo Dostoevsky is to falsify the particular nature of contemporary alienation (a statement that seems to me truer for the very adulation we feel impelled to thrust on Dostoevsky). The Teheran through which Daryoush Aryana moves in his quest for escape from the sterile decadence of modern Iran is far more comic than it is threatening. Esfandiary prefaces his novel with a note telling us that his original manuscript was confiscated by security police and that a second copy was then typed and smuggled out of the country by two Americans. "For those who don't know the Middle East," he adds, "it may be well to mention that this is not a work of satire." Esfandiary's Iran is undoubtedly as swollen, as boring, as sterile and Kafkaesque as he portrays it. But as a novelist, it is his responsibility to emancipate that horror and boredom. In underdeveloped and developed countries both, all that the writer possesses is a politics of indirection. Where the human exists, he must celebrate it; where it is absent, he must create it. Esfandiary seems content to record it, even down to its sexual peculiarities, and then to recoil in moralistic anguish.

What is ultimately of greatest value in Esfandiary's story is its depiction of American interests in that part of the world. Once again we seem to be the staunch supporters of a government completely lacking in vision and in popularity. Perhaps the true "Great Leader of Leaders" is our man in Washington, in which case it is far more than bureaucracy that should be troubling Mr. Esfandiary. Kafka is dead—while the birds fly like prophetic minions of doom in our own smog-drenched sky.

Mario Vargas Llosa's *The Time of the Hero* is the least overtly political of the books under discussion. It is also the best. The translation from the Spanish by Lysander Kemp reads better than the English either of Mr. Esfandiary, which is sometimes artificially clipped, or of Miss de Gámez, whose English seems to be a mental translation from phrases which originally occurred in Spanish. But it is not merely Vargas Llosa's good fortune in a fine translation that makes this as good a novel as it is. From the very first page of *The Time of the Hero,* we are aware of the true novelist's touch.

Vargas Llosa tells a story which concerns itself with the lives of a group of adolescent boys in a military school in Lima (the real Leoncio Prado burned a thousand copies of Vargas Llosa's book in what must have been the most impressive display of Peruvian military valor seen in quite some time). Its tensions, however, are not merely localized but are truly contemporary. The book brings to mind Calder Willingham's *End as a Man,* but it is even better. Vargas Llosa skillfully depicts the corruption within the academy, never permitting us to forget that it is an inevitable reflection of the hypocrisy without.

The world of the Leoncio Prado, with its adolescent sexuality, its brutality, its hatred of authority and its suckling to power, is a world in which one learns to survive only by turning oneself into as corrupt a force as the authorities. The only other ways—those of the leader of the students, known as the Jaguar, and of Lieutenant Gamboa, the honest officer—lead to societal disapproval. The Leoncio Prado is a microcosm of the world, and the training of both aristocracy and proletariat within its walls will be readily adapted to the corruption outside. The society, both military and civilian, is interested in maintaining its status. The only politics in evidence is the politics of accretion, more deadly, it seems, than the vast and cumbersome buck-passing bureaucracy that Daryoush Aryana must face.

Vargas Llosa has a great deal to learn, including resistance to his desire to be-

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come a technical innovator in the novel. But what he possesses in abundance is the novelist's willingness to live with complexity and to magnify every minor crack in the world's surface so that we can see what it hides. For the contemporary novelist must become increasingly aware of the possibilities of reconciling both private and public surfaces. As our political life becomes more threatening, the novel offers itself as one of the ways—perhaps the best way—by which we can express exactly where we have failed in the quest for the livable future.

A Tour of the Pops

THE ANTI-DEATH LEAGUE. *By Kingsley Amis. Harcourt, Brace & World. 307 pp. $5.95.*

TREMOR OF INTENT. *By Anthony Burgess. W. W. Norton & Company. 240 pp. $4.95.*

THE HEIRS OF CAIN. *By Abraham Rothberg. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 318 pp. $5.95.*

ROBERT HATCH

After pop art — now giving place to psychedelics and the electronically engineered happening — comes the pop novel. But the nursing ground of the former was America; of the latter it is England. That figures: pop art was laminated out of comic strips and advertising graphics, forms in which the jet-age Yankee clearly excels; the pop novel is an evolvement from the spy thriller, a pastime for which we are indebted to the British. In a sense, the pop novel is a back formation. The thriller diverged from the main course of the novel, distilling from the parent form two elements—pursuit and suspense—and elaborating these until they produced a kind of formal game. Now certain English writers have thought to give the spy tale a twist, whether of symbolism or social relevance, whereby it may perhaps regain the name of novel. In simplest terms, they do this by encouraging their heroes to become introspective: to the classic question, "where is the enemy?" is now added the modern inquiry, "who am I?" It is a question that John Buchan, romancer and servant of the Crown, could not have imagined a gentleman would raise.

Nor could he have countenanced certain aspects of the new hero's behavior. The traditional thriller was as patriotic as a recruiting poster and, with its sibling, the mystery, observed a chastity rivaled in English fiction only by *The Wind in the Willows.* The undercover men of the prodigally returning novels are sodden with disillusion and they are lechers, one and all. But the authors have devised here a sly trick. The scenes they prepare between their satyric agents and the ladies (frequently) of the opposition are not to be understood as mere pornographic embellishment, the other face of violence. They are ceremonies dedicated to the life force, antidotes to the lethal business on which the protagonists are professionally employed. "Make love, not war" is the slogan implicit in all these works, and they are adept at demonstrating what they mean. This liberal bias both distinguishes the pop novel from the class snobbery of the thriller and bridges over to the somewhat vaguer social pose of pop art.

But I seem not to be getting to the three books which have occasioned these generalizations. The reluctance may be for the reason that I find it difficult to recall very much about them except the outlines of their plots, and plot recitation is a deplorable form of reviewing.

The Anti-Death League by Kingsley Amis, as might be expected from the literary reputation of its author, is the most sardonic of the lot. His principal cast is a group of university-bred army officers seconded to a secret project which pretends to be perfecting a hideous new weapon under the cover of experimenting with a slightly less hideous weapon—the whole charade to be leaked ingeniously to the Chinese as a counter-stimulus to Oriental expansionism. The officers do not for the most part know that they are paper monsters, and the league of the title is subversively fomented by one of them, an alcoholic homosexual with overtones of gallantry. There is on the staff a padre who has been an atheist since adolescence, a security officer who is not quite old-school tie, and an Asian who finds the English enigmatic. In the neighborhood a mad psychiatrist runs a mental home, and a Lady Hazell, having discovered that the only thing she likes about sex is the sex, keeps open house for the officers. A more conventional romance is provided by the nicest of the officers and a divorcée recently paroled from the sanitarium who develops breast cancer early in their affair. Mr. Amis, it can be seen, has arranged matters to his advantage, and the tone of mockery is well sustained.

Anthony Burgess has subtitled *Tremor of Intent* "An Eschatological Spy Novel," and I have checked to make sure that I grasped the term: it is a theological concept referring to death and judgment, heaven and hell—the science, that is, of the final things. Mr. Burgess, in addition to being a most prolific novelist, is a student of music, a linguist, an explicator of James Joyce, and his book is exceedingly erudite in a playful way. His hero is off on a final mission, in more senses than he realizes; he survives it and escapes nemesis by taking final vows. His sexual partners en route are a teen-age American reader of marriage manuals and an Indian practitioner of scented refinements as delicious as they are unspecified (though I believe the author gives the clues necessary to locate appropriate passages in the secret books). Burgess has a way of equating lust with gluttony which I appreciate but find a little unsettling; he is so insistent upon the parallel as to make it seem less his observation than his problem. Otherwise, his narrative is alive with violent incidents and sudden encounters designed to expose and admonish the killer in us all.

Abraham Rothberg, unlike Amis and Burgess, is not turning from other pursuits to reinstall the spy thriller in the main library. He has been a writer of thrillers from the start, but, as his jacket blurb puts it, now establishes himself "as a serious writer to be reckoned with." The puff also refers to his "probing the heart of darkness," which I suspect would embarrass Mr. Rothberg, but Conrad aping is often what he is about. His gunman, an Israeli agent, is set upon two German nuclear technicians employed by Nasser but vacationing in Switzerland. The senior ex-Nazi is traveling with an Egyptian bodyguard-boy friend (there is one homosexual in each of these up-to-date books) and a daughter subject to spasms of sexuality. *The Heirs of Cain* operates on two timetables: the cat-and-mouse game in Berne, and the chronicle of the agent's life journey from Poland, through the Nazi extermination net and the pioneering of Israel, to his present role as a killer with Old Testament misgivings. Much of this latter story comes out in remembered interviews with his psychoanalyst, a man patiently determined to convince his patient that on the one hand he need not avenge single-handed all the crimes committed against his people, and on the other that he need not consider himself accursed of God. It is a very wordy process; indeed, all three books are notably loquacious, and that is one final respect in which they show their pop deviation from the spy tale. One feels that all the taciturn agents of international intrigue from E. Phillips Oppenheim to Eric Ambler have simultaneously decided to let down their hair.

If these three books had indeed managed to make it back into the mainstream,

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there would be certain advantages. For one thing, their return would have restored to fiction the aura of disreputability which made novel reading so peculiarly attractive in the Victorian age. But the fact is that they don't make it back—not by a mile. The novel is a bewilderingly permissive craft, and no one can write its formula. But the one thing it must do is create a world and put people (or at least a person) into it. These books do not create worlds; they provide tours. And they are not peopled; they are merely animated. For all the cinematic detail of their habit and behavior, the characters slide past like figures on the other side of a sound studio window. One reads on to learn, not who they are but what becomes of them, and all their confiding introspection is merely data fed into the ploy they operate. It is odd: these writers are adept at summoning up the geography of their stories; they have been to the places and made pertinent notes. But the effect, nevertheless, is of painted scenery because the characters are paste.

The workmanship, except perhaps for all that solemn chatter, is of high quality. These pop novels pass the time without blatantly wasting it, and one can think of a host of real novels that are not nearly so well made. But few novels that see print are so deformed that they do not somehow confirm or challenge the reader's understanding of human experience. If they don't do that they fail as novels, but the pop novels succeed very well without doing it. They are not built on life, but on a highly stylized formula, and though they flout the conventions of that formula, they never break free. The whole pop movement operates on the beguiling theory that art is play. It is a childlike notion, but it lacks innocence.

ART / Max Kozloff

MANET IN PHILADELPHIA II.

When first glimpsed, the hand list for the Manet show in Philadelphia disappointed me by the absence of so many of what are considered crucial works. How could such a retrospective adequately present the friend of Mallarmé, when it lacked canvases like the "Portrait of Emile Zola" or "The Balcony," many of the plein-air paintings of the late seventies, or the great pictures that first infuriated the salons? Imbalanced and recherché, or so it seemed, the exhibition had little chance to document the full extent of his career and the amplitude of his vision. I had expected to have to piece together the visual fabric of Manet from various odd lots and extras in his production.

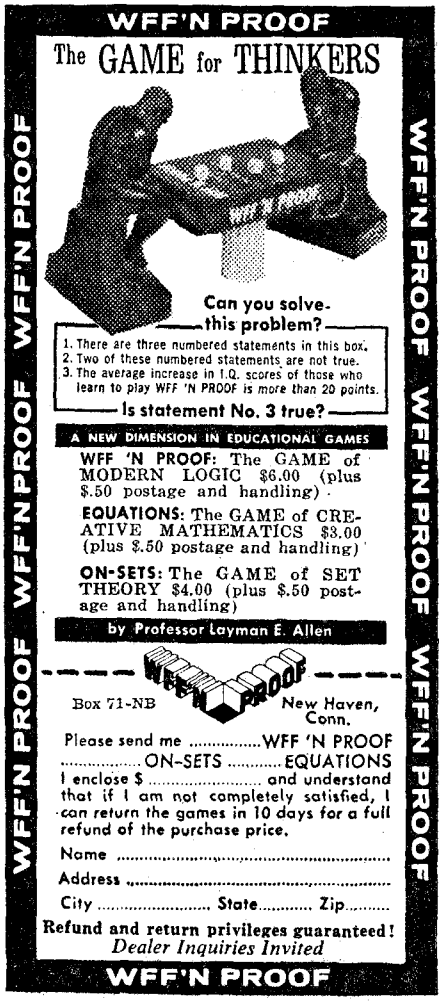
But such a calculation was hardly prepared for the spectacle of brilliance in even the most out-of-the-way slaps of paint. For in effect, there is explicit in each of Manet's pictures that gustatory elegance and disinterested fervor which altered the make-up of energies in modern art. What most illuminates his accomplishment is a certain nervous touch that he could hardly exclude, least of all from works which weren't "ambitious." More than in his greatest contemporaries, Manet's art is an affair of mercurial sensibility whose distinction is that it gives the impression of re-creating itself anew with every picture. This alone is the abiding interest in gathering those of his works that could be brought together for this show.

What tells immediately in such an assemblage is the extent to which Manet is revealed as dependent on a primary drive: his instinctual and unplanned reflexes tightening and relaxing in contact with a shifting environment. The qualities of puzzling improvisation, the minute intimacy of textures, dabs and lines, the spontaneously dashed-in forms, the innumerable formal devices of dissolution, penetration, transience and incompletion: all these sparkle as if perceived by the spectator very close in time to the moment when they originated on the surface. Each image is delivered without the felt or observable intrusion of any process of construction. (Although it is impossible to say that these figurations are chaotic.) In the barely begun "Claude Monet in his Floating Studio" (which can represent only a couple of hours of work), the figures are being whittled capriciously into place by means that waver without priority between linear and tonal. But the very indecisiveness of this process-record seems completely natural and blunt.

By contrast, the early stages of a Courbet or Corot would appear highly rationalized and unaccented. Their pictures await their final scumbles or focusing contrasts in order simply to speak, or rather, to be given voice. With these artists, painting is an act of elaboration and orchestration whose goal of freshness—of a kind of colored quiddity in Courbet, and of atmospheric nuance in Corot—rests on the intensity with which each step in the process is carried out to a foreordained notion of finish.

With Manet, freshness is something that could perhaps be lost, but is more often an organic excitement out of which play various local modulations. It is not that "less" sensory information is finally given in Manet than in his mentors but that it is a declension of this excitement rather than the capstone of a strategy. One has the intuition (which must have been disconcerting to his contemporaries) that there is nothing "behind" Manet's energy, and that, having abandoned the usual apparatus concerned with modeling and placement, he had no choice but to expend all his resources nakedly on the surface (c.f., "The Departure of the Folkestone Boat"). But this was an effusion that he came to study for the properties and characteristics which would imbue the painting with a sense of intactness. Now consciously enhanced, this sense materialized in a redefinition of naturalistic finish, extreme not only because he associated it with the figure before applying it to landscape but because it deliberately required itself to stop short of the commensurable in contour and volume.

Yet Manet could never be mistaken for a mere bravura artist, as that would imply qualities as foreign to his tempera-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ment as self-satisfaction. That he was a supreme tactician of wet-on-wet painting, however, holds the key to his entire form. The necessities of this execution, to which by 1869 he had already pledged himself, were brought on by a quickening sense of the potentialities of oil in capturing the movements of bodies in light, much as time-lapse photography was to trace the same phenomenon on a chemically treated negative. Initially incomprehensible patches of merged tones would thereby quiver in a blur that simulated masses perceived in differentiated spaces. But this could also lead to a muddiness of paint quite opposite to the clarity and lightness of palette to which Manet was also committed. His solution was to load each stroke in such a way that it exhibited the blending powers of the medium in touch with other strokes, but also detached itself from them through its heavy substance and directional push. An image is compounded of an infinite number of these succulent "pushes," sometimes observed in the fleshy definition of planes, but often, as well, in the dissimulation of edges. Manet's method, therefore, encouraged the coalescence of matter at the same time that it compensated for it, or fought against it, in the service of entirely different ends. These are the physical dynamics (of attraction and repulsion) which gave a merely nervous touch its strange electricity.

But other factors contribute to it as well, among the chief of which are Manet's decorative instinct and color sensitivity. The first emerged in agreement with the French *tachist* tradition of dark spotting, and pictorial relief through high contrast, as exemplified in Decamps and Daumier. This device had materialized in an exaggerated chiaroscuro which had eventually been pushed so far that it had attacked its own origins and begun to flatten out as extended patterns on the picture plane. Manet had the vision to take it one step further and see it as an independent play of pictorial forces in evenly lit and shallowed circumstances. Even a Manet face is a miniaturization of this larger *Gestalt*, such that Malraux could go so far as to speak of Clemenceau's eyes as musical notes in search of a staff.

The diminution of shadows and the hesitation of the half tones also permitted a concentration on color that was unique. Recognizing that a profusion of hues might deaden one another (except as they may spangle a black in "Lola de Valence"), Manet tended to employ color as he had worked with value. There resulted a heightened sense of the quality of isolated, saturated chroma, set off in a neutralized surrounding, as in the celebrated lemon in the portrait of Duret, or the blue-green sea in "The Battle of the Kearsarge and the Alabama." Moreover, one has always the firmest sense of a color chord in interaction with black and white before 1869, and then in fusion with blue and gray thereafter. By some sleight of hand, the value changes are always quicker than the chromatic transitions, most of which are not transitions at all, but unadulterated responses to the beauty of unmixed pigment. Color is the somewhat acid and glittering locale in Manet's painting where one regains one's bearing. It represents various stoppages in the picture's internal clockwork. And that is why he differs so much from the Impressionists who, in this respect, shred color as a constituent of light, which diffuses it, rather than conserves it from the encroachments of tonality. The major item of tension in Manet, even when he is relaxed and most impressionist in mood, is this intensity of color. It is the single durable, or "immutable" element in a world of fluctuating luminosity. An artist like Renoir decomposes solids into color-constituted reflections; Manet, deliberately restricting his choices from the spectrum, sees color itself as a new form of solid. Both approaches led to an abstraction whose common principles did not yield themselves to synthesis until they were subjected to the imagination of Matisse.

Such is the continuum of "technical questions" in which Manet's subjects fend for themselves in a contsantly alternating series of pleasant shocks. He paints bullfighters and friends, horse races and sea fights, still lifes and executions, concerts and picnics, all as integers of a non-hierarchical panorama of sensations. In this respect, they mean more to consciousness as it differentiates visual stimuli, than to a psyche that may want to organize them in various human relationships or contexts. The "performance" value or character role of a Manet personage is slighted in favor of affirming his presence in its own right. The place in which this individual is found does not characterize him, nor he, it (though they may obviously go together). Rather, the pictorial handling imposes its own absolute character upon reality—no matter how transient the effect. If he is not as daring as the Impressionists in chromatics, Manet was far more radical than they from a psychological point of view. For the personae of the Impressionists were still situated normatively and descriptively in their milieu. That is why the enigma in one of Manet's tableaux arises out of the conflict between the condition of everything being lived out perfectly visibly and unconcealed on the surface, and the anxiety that this only opens, rather than concludes, the aesthetic inquiry. With nothing to hide, the picture still eludes definition. Because he is still very obviously involved in the texture of the social world, the very candor of his icons comes to represent a missing element, that contrived absence by which the modern tradition protects itself against the pathetic fallacy that would otherwise render art a mere adjunct of experience.

The Philadelphia exhibition is a cornucopia of opportunities for scholars, as well as a treasure house of painterly pleasures. It is filled out with the most revealing display of Manet's remarkable drawings and interesting graphics. And it is accompanied by an ambitious catalogue by Anne Coffin Hanson. If the installation was a little glum, I was nevertheless happy to see such unexpected items as "The Escape of Rochefort" and "The Ragpicker," from Switzerland, and "In the Conservatory," from Berlin. As for the pictures from Philadelphia and Chicago, the two museums participating in this enterprise, they never looked better.

LAMENT FOR A GIFTED MAN

Whatever it was that gave
you radiant stillness like
a fluttering air, is gone.
You were the recipient once,
were the figure that seemed to walk
like someone wrapped in light
across an agitated bay or lake.
You could not accept
the apparition was
for our sake, not yours,
could not give yourself
to it enough to become
the radiance you were possessed of.
Now emptied of what
is so much bigger than you are,
you stumble on,
err, err,
a rower without oars,
and are off course
no matter where you are.

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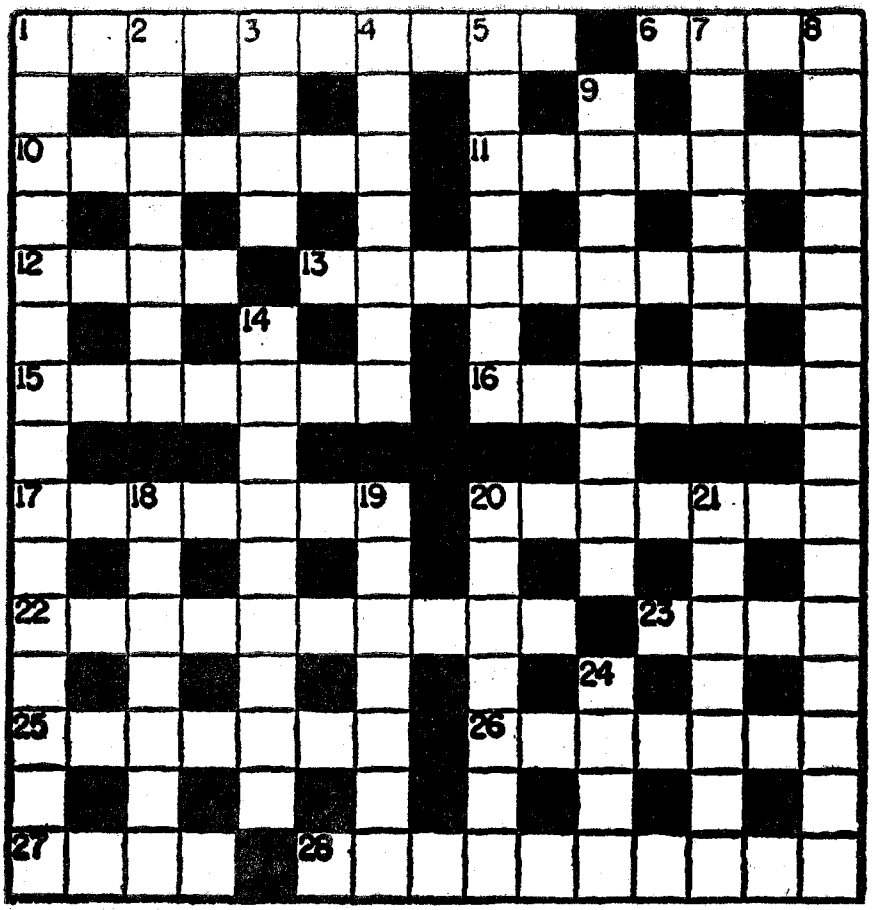
Crossword Puzzle No. 1178

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Bill, when in France, commonly? You might not be so pestered when this is around. (5, 5)
6 In part, the leg of an animal? (4)
10 What one loses in standing up to boxers, for example, but they're probably quite docile. (7)
11 Possible movements on track and slope, but wholly revolutionary. (7)
12 Certainly not 8, at first. (4)
13 Would Stevenson's go well with a rather somber bow? (5, 5)
15 What almost failing students do in report, or what they did if unjustly judged? (7)
16 She had reason not to trust her elders.
17 How to pack a suit in wrinkled state?
20 The old state of blood and iron? (7)
22 What a question! Aren't you stupid for not knowing the answer! (10)
23 In conclusion, one should be a girl. (4)
25 Little square weapons? (7)
26 Mules of the base sort. (7)
27 Understands archeological operations, perhaps. (4)
28 and 14 down Those with etherial aspirations should, but not in the best of health. (3, 4, 3, 4, 5)

DOWN:

1 Sounds like such as Cap'n Flint, by another name, shouldn't be all wet! (Spread so often nowadays.) (15)
2 Praise, when 26, might do it to us.
3 Not the first or second best entertainment! (4)
4 Showing the cobbler's second effort in color stands by itself. (7)
5 Acts like a trapper? (7)
7 Stepped on it, as well, but didn't make 3. (4-3)
8 What New York had to clean up in the fall of '65? (4, 4, 3, 4)
9 Metal, but most is up a compound of it. (9)
18 Having to have exercising, by the sound of it, of the muscles? (7)
19 Poet who is the first of translators in melodious style. (7)
20 Volumes of Shakespeare should be, in a kidding way. (7)
21 Banish? (A good one may be appreciated.) (4, 3)
24 This king should be a board member, by design. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1177

ACROSS: 1 Warships; 5 Big game; 9 and 8 Civil engineers; 11 Serf; 12 Common noun; 14 Creamy; 17 and 10 The day of reckoning; 19 Grasps; 22 Kittiwakes; 26 Levantine; 27 Eared; 28 Salient; 29 Speeder. DOWN: 1 Wicks; 2 and 23 Reverse gear; 3 Hole; 4 Parlor; 5 Becoming; 6 Good nature; 7 Adipose; 13 Impatience; 14 Catskills; 16 Botanist; 18 Estival; 20 Speared; 21 Levels; 24 Rider; 25 and 15 Here and there.

Apology to Mr. Lewis: In the solution to Puzzle No. 1175, the answer to 20 across should have been "palatal" not "palatial." The editors regret the typographical error.

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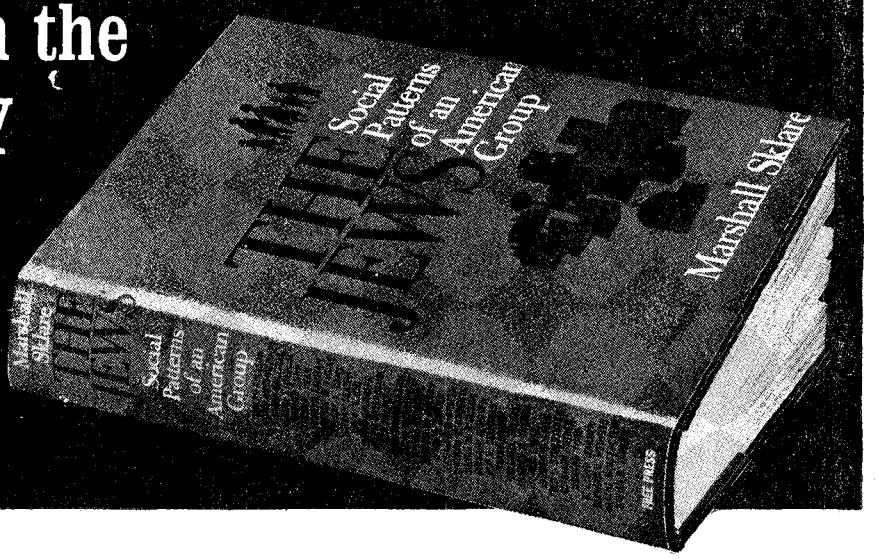

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